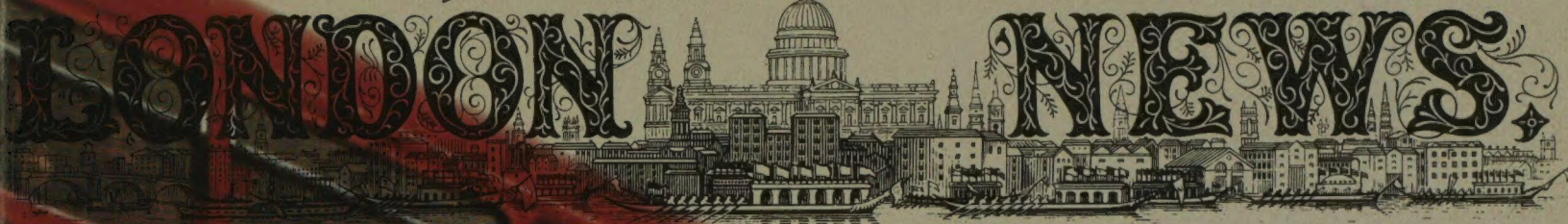


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by Frank Spooner

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NAME ON THE LINE

EDWARD THORPE

Dowell's high-risk *Swan Lake*

In recent years five major ballet companies have come under the direction of great male dancers. American Ballet Theatre is directed by Mikhail Baryshnikov (with Kenneth MacMillan); New York City Ballet by Peter Martins (with Jerome Robbins); Paris Opera Ballet by

Rudolf Nureyev; London Festival Ballet by Peter Schaufuss and, since last September, the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden by Anthony Dowell.

Six months after taking up his appointment, Dowell puts his reputation on the line with a completely new *Swan Lake*

which has its Royal Gala premiere on March 12. The role of Odette/Odile will be taken on the first night by Cynthia Harvey, left, who joined the Royal Ballet this season from the American Ballet Theatre at Dowell's invitation.

He has no illusions about how much is at stake—good, bad or indifferent, it is a production we shall have to live with for the next decade; and he says he has found the challenge "frightening but stimulating." It is his first attempt at a production on this scale although he has danced in a number of versions and knows others which have played tricks with the story: Kenneth MacMillan's production for Berlin turned it into a Freudian dream; John Neumeier in Munich related it to mad King Ludwig II of Bavaria; Peter Darrell's version for Scottish Ballet was an opium-induced nightmare.

Dowell says that his will be as close as possible to the 1895 revival at the Maryinsky Theatre in St Petersburg, generally considered definitive: he has been working closely with the distinguished Tchaikovsky scholar Professor Wiley.

The choice of designer, Yolanda Sonnabend, is daring, since it is her first experience of designing a major classic. Period and setting will be unconventional. "Neither of us felt that the usual medieval gothic went well with Tchaikovsky's full-blooded Romanticism," Dowell says, "so we have set it in Tchaikovsky's own period, the late 19th century."

Swan Lake opens on March 12, Royal Opera House. See listings.



RIVER CLASH

For apparently compelling reasons on both sides, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race and the Tideway Head of the River Race have this year been scheduled to take place on the same day, March 28. Although the Head of the River Committee agreed to the arrangement, they are

still not happy about it, and feel they have been steamrollered.

It is not the first time it has happened; 20 years ago the two events coincided without incident. But although there will be three and a half hours between the two 4½ mile races from Putney to Mortlake and vice versa, the worry is that the police and the Port of London Authority will have difficulty controlling the crowds who will have come to watch the Boat Race (below: last year's, which Cambridge won). They may, it has been suggested, interfere with the 120 crews and their eights preparing for the "Head" in the afternoon.

Yet the police and the PLA say they are only too happy to cope: it saves them having to turn out on two Saturdays rather than one. There is also concern that the Tideway clubs will see their bar takings cut in half if there is only one day's racing. However the BBC are planning to make the day a Rowing Festival and intend to devote 45 minutes to the "Head"—a processionary race with crews starting at 10 second intervals—on top of their normal Boat Race coverage. This is a unique opportunity for the sport of rowing, which normally gets very little media coverage, to the chagrin of most rowers. The BBC fee should compensate



This 15th-century icon of St Anne with the Virgin Mary and Christ Child comes from an exhibition of Frescoes and Icons from Greece, at the Royal Academy from March 27 to June 21. It is drawn from museums, monasteries and private collections in Greece, Cyprus and the UK.

GEORGE PERRY

THE COLLECTOR

Anne Bancroft as Helen Hanff

Anne Bancroft likes to boast that she got the central role in this year's Royal Performance film, *84 Charing Cross Road*, by sleeping with the producer. Her reputation remains unswayed however, since her husband Mel Brooks runs the production company concerned, Brooks Films, which also made David Lynch's *The Elephant Man*.

In *84 Charing Cross Road*, directed by David Jones from a screen play by Hugh Whitmore based on the stage play inspired by Helen Hanff's autobiographical bestseller, she plays the New York book collector, never actually meeting a London bookseller (Anthony Hopkins) who became a regular correspondent as well as a supplier of cherished editions. The film, to be shown from March 24, is set in post-war Britain where the occasional American food parcel was a prized luxury. There is even a burst of nostalgia for the South Bank and the 1951 Festival of Britain.

Anne Bancroft is admired for her performances in such films as *The Pumpkin Eater*, *The Graduate*, *Young Winston* and *The Turning Point*. She is an Italian-American, real name Anna Maria Ippolito, from the Bronx who made her name on Broadway in *The Miracle Worker*, repeating the role on film. She and Brooks make an energetic couple, he being the Jewish comedian, writer and director who learnt his trade in hotels of the "Borscht Belt" and on early 50s television shows, and later gave us *Blazing Saddles* and other send-ups. "You should have heard my mother when I said I was marrying a Jew," she once told me. "You should have heard mine!" Brooks riposted.

The new film is British but half of it was shot across the Atlantic. On March 23 the Queen Mother is expected to attend the Odeon, Leicester Square for the 41st Royal Film Performance since *A Matter of Life and Death* in 1946. See listings.

RONALD PAYNE

FRAUGHT THEME

Paul Johnson, below, the 58-year-old columnist and former editor of the *New Statesman* who became a warm admirer of Mrs Thatcher, is a man of remarkable energy who is excited by ideas and the broad sweep of history. Never one to shrink from the big theme, he has tackled histories of Britain, Ireland, Christianity and the Modern World. Now he has confronted one of the most fraught subjects of all in *A History of the Jews*, to be published on March 19.

While examining the sources of Jewish creativity, he was particularly fascinated by the theological and intellectual dimensions. "What grips me is the fact that the Jews are great teachers," he said from his home in Buckinghamshire. "They have taught the world, and they see themselves as a nation of priests. They made known the nature of One God who was not an arbitrary deity, but an ethical one. In my book I am trying to probe the shape of Jewish history, and to describe how it happened and why."

The invention by the Jews of ethical monotheism was, he believes, the most important event in human history, leading not just to Judaism but also to the Bible and the two other great religions of the Book which sprang from it, Christianity and Islam.

After the destruction of the Jewish nation-state by the Romans, Jews were ruled by scholarly priests. The efforts of Jewish communities were concentrated on study, centred around the law, and this created an extraordinary fund of intellectual capacity, which burst upon the world when the Jews managed to break out of their ghettos in the 19th century.

The impact of this second Jewish revolution, for both good and ill, has been enormous. Karl Marx, Freud, Heine and Einstein were all products of the Jewish intellectual tradition. In the forging both of capitalism and communism, in science and in the arts, Jews have been in the forefront.

A History of the Jews, by Paul Johnson, Weidenfeld & Nicholson, £16.95.



SIMON HORSFORD

THEY'RE OFF

Racehorses are in action again this month over the jumps and on the flat, with the Cheltenham National Hunt festival from March 17-19 and the start of the flat season at Doncaster on March 26.

The jumping game, sometimes unfairly considered the poor relation of its counterpart on the flat, is at its finest in the crowded three-day Cheltenham meeting at a racecourse once described as "the finest natural amphitheatre in the British Isles".

Two races stand out: the Champion Hurdle over 2 miles on the Tuesday and the Gold Cup over 3½ miles on the Thursday. A feature of the Champion Hurdle may be the rare appearance in a British national hunt race of an American horse. *Flatterer*, who for the past four years has won the valuable Colonial Cup at Camden, South Carolina, might, however, find the distance too short and disappoint those hoping for a US triumph. The race should also see Nick Henderson's *See You Then* (right) attempt a third successive victory.

In the Gold Cup the atmosphere is unlikely to match last year's, when the Irish mare *Dawn Run* became the first horse to have won both the Champion Hurdle (in 1984) and the Gold Cup. *Dawn Run* was killed in a steeplechase in France



JERRY GRANHAM

later in the year. Her jockey, Jonjo O'Neill, now a trainer, is battling against cancer.

But, all being well, several noteworthy horses should ensure a close race, with Nick Gaselee's *Bolands Cross*, John Spearing's *Run and Skip*, Jenny Pitman's *Steersby* and Jimmy Fitzgerald's *Forgive 'n' Forget* (a past winner) among the leading contenders.

The flat race season does not get into full gallop until mid-April, but the Lincoln Handicap on Saturday, March 28 is an exciting cavalry charge with many runners. One talking point will be the introduction of satellite television into some bookmakers from May 1, enabling "punters" in local betting shops to watch races other than those covered by the two television channels.

BRIDGING GAPS

Designer furniture at Colnaghi's

Piers Gibson, a son of Lord Gibson, former chairman of the Pearson conglomerate, and Alan Parker, a financial PR man, have formed a company called Alma to commission and market furniture designed by leading architects and

designers and made by specialist artisans. Their first show of a dozen products opens on March 25 in the improbable venue of P. & D. Colnaghi, the Bond Street dealers in Old Master paintings.

Among the architects involved are Terry Farrell, Jeremy Dixon, Piers Gough and Robert Adam, and the designers include Dinah Casson, Ben Kelly and Scott Crolla. The items will be produced in batches of five or 10, and so should be no more expensive, perhaps cheaper, than one-offs from designer-makers. "Two-thirds of the cost is making the first one of each item: jiggling up, as they call it," says Gibson.

He hopes the exercise will bridge various gaps: between the often zany products of designer-makers and Continental designers on the one hand, and department store offerings in all their blandness on the other; and between the worlds of art and design. The first pieces include a dining table and chair by Jeremy Dixon, a card table, left, by Piers Gough, and a sofa by Scott Crolla.

Alma, March 25-April 11 at P. & D. Colnaghi. See listings.



MARGARET DAVIES

PETTED PLANOS

The Italian pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, due soon in London, is famous for his virtuosity and musician-ship, his cancellations and the eccentric lengths to which he carries the customary concern of musicians for their instruments.

One week before his first concert on March 19, his two Steinways will arrive by truck from the company's European headquarters in Hamburg, accompanied by a technician to nurse them on the journey. They will be kept at the Barbican Centre in a room without air conditioning, at a temperature of 20°C and a humidity of 60-65 per cent. The pianist and the technician will work on the instruments during the week leading up to the concert, tuning, adjusting the tonal quality and bringing them up to the peak of excellence which he demands.

Michelangeli won first prize at the age of 19 in the 1939 Geneva International Music Competition—Paderewski headed the jury—and made his London debut in 1946. When ill health interrupted his flourishing career as a concert pianist for some 10 years, he took up teaching and founded the Brescia Piano Festival. *Michelangeli recital, March 28; London Symphony Orchestra, March 19, 22; Barbican Hall. See listings.*

National
No Smoking Day
on March 11 is not
a charter for
non-smokers to nag,
but will offer
Britain's 14 million
smokers advice and
encouragement on
how to give up,
as 1.4 million did,
for the day at
least, last year.

A SEAL IN EDEN

In BBC2's *The First Eden*, starting on March 8, Sir David Attenborough forsakes clammy tropical rain forests and even braves Middle East war zones to deal with the natural history of an area closer to home—the 18 countries of the Mediterranean. The gradual spread of plants brought home by the Crusaders, or imported by Columbus and his followers from the New World, and the arrival of new types of fish via the Suez Canal since 1869, are examples of how man has influenced nature in this area.

At Saqqara, in Egypt, Attenborough picks his way through underground corridors lined with the mummified bodies of 800,000 falcons and over four million sacred ibis to demonstrate the religious importance that many birds and animals once enjoyed.

Paddling into a small cave in a rubber dinghy, he finally comes face-to-face with the area's rarest mammal, the Mediterranean Monk Seal, on an uninhabited Greek island. The creature's need for undisturbed coastal areas in which to breed has brought it to the verge of extinction. Attenborough sees international efforts to preserve its habitat as a symbol of the way modern man can atone for the mistakes of history.

The Treaty of Rome, founding charter of the EEC, was signed by the original Six 30 years ago on March 25. The main junketing will be in Rome. Since Britain joined 15 years later, there will be only token festivities in London.

GOING PUBLIC

ROGER BERTHOUD

The RA's President's one-man show

Roger de Grey, President of the Royal Academy since December, 1984, does not feature in the RA's current survey of 20th-century British art, though his uncle Spencer Gore does; nor did he expect to. But his considerable skills as a painter can be seen from March 10 not far from the RA at Gallery 10, alongside the work of his wife Flavia Irwin. We show them painting "back to back" at their studio in Meopham, Kent. For both, inspiration comes mainly from their summer retreat in the Charente-Maritime in south-west France. They share a taste for muted colours, Flavia Irwin favouring a more abstract style, de Grey clearly a Cézanne admirer.

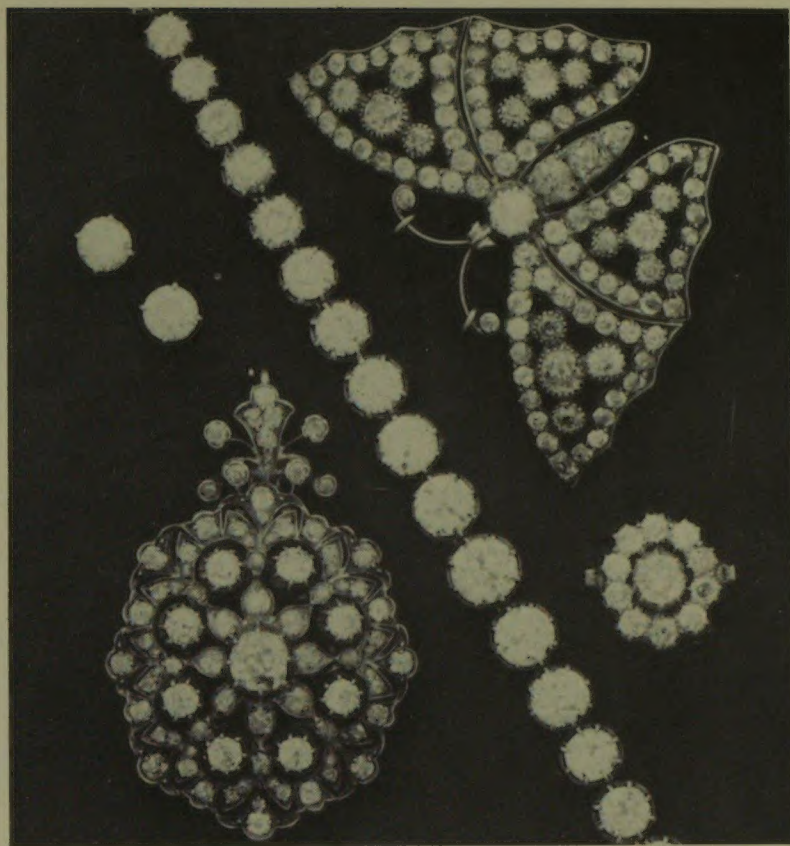
Before accepting the post of President, de Grey—who is 68 and the most charming of men—urged both Elisabeth Frink and Eduardo Paolozzi to stand. "But it's difficult to persuade people with the

biggest reputations to take on such a demanding job," he said. "On the one hand you're running a multi-million pound exhibitions organization; and you're a public figure whom everyone wants to do something, in the evenings as well.

"You can imagine the difficulties of being PRA and putting on this 20th-century show: the problems that might arise among your closest friends (some of whom felt slighted by the selectors).

"Yet I'm passionate about trying to persuade the public here that they should enjoy modern art, that they are missing out. The Americans love it, the French flock to it. I think it's gradually dawning, 80 years on, that there is some pleasure to be had, but my God it's taken a long time!"

Roger de Grey and Flavia Irwin, March 11-31, Gallery 10. See listings.



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ALEX FINER

MARCH SWEET ENDING

Behind the re-launching of Bertorelli's restaurant in Floral Street, Covent Garden, in March lies a bitter family row.

Adrian Bertorelli, its general manager, is the 35-year-old grandson of one of the four founding Bertorelli brothers who established the first Bertorelli's in Charlotte Street in 1913. This, and subsequent branches, became synonymous with value-for-money Italian cooking served by motherly waitresses drawn from the extended Bertorelli family.

The arrangement devised by the founding brothers was that only one son of each could become a partner in the enterprise. Adrian's father was a second son and departed to set up an ice-cream business; but his uncle, who became a second-generation Bertorelli's partner, had daughters and no son. It was in part the consequent squabbling over who in the third generation was eligible as a partner which broke up the family firm.

Adrian Bertorelli had worked at the Queensway Bertorelli's for five years and left the family business in 1980, angered at the way in which this branch was sold. He joined an emerging small chain of restaurants, the Café des Amis, and transferred to the catering conglomerate Kennedy Brookes, which later purchased the remaining Bertorelli restaurants in Charlotte Street (now renamed) and in Floral Street.

When two former Café des Amis directors left Kennedy Brookes last year to set up a new restaurant group, they took the latter with them. Adrian went too and is now installed in the restaurant which bears his family name.

It is currently "previewing" with a 20 per cent discount offered to diners until the "first night" on March 9. Old favourites are still on the menu alongside decidedly 1980s dishes such as warm salad with wild Italian mushrooms. The same menu will be served on both floors. Bertorelli's, 44a Floral Street, WC2 (434 1320). Daily noon-11.30pm.



PAINTED MAPS

Artists depict their parishes

Balraj Khanna is one of 18 artists recently asked to make a map of his parish. He produced a 6 foot canvas of Little Venice/Maida Vale, his home for the last 18 years, and called it *Lord's Eye View*, above, placing at its heart Lord's Cricket Ground, the mecca of which he had heard so much as a boy of 12 living in India. The painting is full of symbols, meaningful to the artist "all woven into the visual aspects of my surroundings to celebrate the fact that I live here and enjoy living here". At first Khanna cursed himself for taking on the task, but as the two months of work progressed he enjoyed it increasingly. He picked out sites special to Robert Browning—who

first called the area Little Venice—and fed in places to which he felt attached.

Other London areas tackled include Brentford Towers, Hayes, by Stephen Willets, and Littleheath Woods, Croydon, by Helen Chadwick. The artists were asked to produce the maps by the conservation charity Common Ground, to draw attention to their nationwide Parish Maps Project. This encourages people, from schoolchildren to members of Women's Institutes, to look more closely at their local environment by making maps. The artists' maps can be seen in an exhibition called *Knowing Your Place*, at the London Ecology Centre, 45 Shelton Street, WC2, from March 17 to April 24.

BILL MEREDITH

ÉPÉE CRUNCH

Fencing is an expensive sport—all that equipment—with some 8,000 devotees in this country, half adults, half juniors. For them March 8 will be an exciting day, with the Challenge Martini International Épée taking place in Seymour Hall. Britain has won it only twice in 26 years, though there is a faint hope that John Llewellyn, of Reading, will follow in the footsteps of Bill Hoskyns and Steven Paul, champions in 1962 and 1981 respectively.

Llewellyn is on a two-year coaching course in Paris studying for his French Masters diploma. His experience with the talented French team has sharpened his sword and his wits. Dominic Mahony, the reigning British épée champion, is at Sandhurst but hopes to be fencing, while Ian Margan, a Corporal of Horse in the Royal Horse Guards, can be relied upon to twirl a trusty blade.

Realistically, though, it will be a French or West German name that is engraved on the trophy. Alexander Pusch, of West Germany, twice an Olympic medallist, won last year following two successive victories by the Olympic champion Philippe Boisse, of France. The Russians, too, are strong, though the foil is their best weapon, and Cuba is on the way up. The épée, once the recognized duelling weapon, suits the French temperament and style. Hits are scored with the point of the weapon only. Modern fencing involves a combination of mind and body in a concentrated physical exercise that rewards skill and subtlety rather than brute strength. It could be described as chess with a sharp edge.

Preliminary rounds of the Challenge Martini will be held at St Paul's School on the Saturday and Sunday morning; only the final eight fencers will reach Seymour Hall for the quarter-finals, starting at 2pm, which should produce some outstanding sport.

Tickets for the final are available from the Amateur Fencing Association, 83 Perbam Road, W14 (385 7442).



John Woodvine left, who has combined some 300 TV roles with a sequence of fine stage performances, will be Falstaff in *Henry IV* Parts 1 & 2, which the new English Shakespeare Company presents with *Henry V* at the Old Vic from March 16 to May 2



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS N·O·T·E·B·O·O·K

The Turners together at the Tate

The April opening of the Clore Gallery at the Tate, which will at last provide a home for all the paintings in the Turner Bequest, should be one of the year's most memorable events. Some 300 oil paintings will be joined by more than 20,000 drawings and sketches, notebooks and other personalia for the first time. It is 136 years since the artist's death, so his work may be said to have stood the test of time and finally been judged by posterity to be worthy of display in the way he had always planned.

It may be too much to hope that there will be similar agreement that the new building is worthy of Turner, and unreasonable to pass judgment before it is fully operational, but at first sight it is evident that the architect, James Stirling—whose first London building this is—has produced galleries which are interesting but mercifully unrevolutionary, except for the computerized control of the natural light. Inside and out the extension has a restrained elegance that fits comfortably with the host building, and only with an occasional provocative use of crude colour, such as the green on the windows and the pink and purple on the staircase, does one sense that the architects have elsewhere had to work hard to keep themselves in check.

The rottenest boroughs

There can have been few more savage indictments of managerial and financial incompetence than that presented by the Audit Commission about the running of some of the Inner London boroughs. The Commission, which is an independent body set up in 1983 to improve the efficiency of the local authorities, began its report, published early this year, with the mild observation that it had become increasingly concerned about the cost and quality of



Main entrance of the Clore Gallery, designed to dramatize the first approach to the Turner Bequest.

the services delivered by Inner London authorities, but then went on to name names and pinpoint the practices which have led the boroughs to their current crisis, in which income is £400 million below planned expenditure.

Much of this is the responsibility of the eight boroughs, all Labour-controlled, listed in the report as being markedly worse run than eight other London boroughs (four of them Labour) and the eight most deprived metropolitan boroughs in other parts of the country. In the eight Labour boroughs of Group A—Brent, Camden, Hackney, Haringey, Islington, Lambeth, Lewisham and Southwark—the current rate of spending by the local authorities is £7 a week more per household than in the Group B London boroughs of Hammersmith and Fulham, Greenwich, Kensington and Chelsea, Newham, Tower Hamlets, Waltham Forest, Wandsworth and Westminster. Group A are spending £470 per resident compared with £317 for Group B. They employ about 30 per cent more staff, have lower rents but three times more arrears, take

seven weeks longer to relet houses, and spend 20 per cent more on refuse collection.

The Commission 'convincingly demonstrates that most of the problems in the eight rottenest boroughs have been caused by poor management and the remarkably swift turnover among senior officers. That could be easily rectified if there was less political interference. Less easy to control will be the debts. The Commission makes the point that eliminating all spending on loony projects such as gay rights and lesbian weeks will save only £20 million. The big gap between income and expenditure has so far been met largely by creative accounting. Reserves have been drawn down, housing and road maintenance costs (normally treated as revenue expenditure) have been met by borrowing or by deferred purchase arrangements on which Group A currently owe £550 million.

Creative accounting by local authorities is not illegal, though the Government is introducing legislation to stop the funding of current expenditure by deferred purchase

schemes, but loads the cost on to future taxpayers. Borrowing in this fashion was the policy adopted by New York City in the 1970s, and the city went bankrupt. The Audit Commission sees disturbing parallels, and has sounded a grim warning.

More digging at Fishbourne?

The party of *ILN* readers who were shown round the Roman Palace of Fishbourne by its director, David Rudkin, last summer will be interested to learn that the Museum was successful in purchasing the small area on the rim of its southern edge. Rudkin has put forward a scheme for its excavation which would give archaeologists a first opportunity to uncover part of the southern wing of the largest Roman residence yet found in Britain.

There will be another *ILN* weekend coming up in May this year, centred on the Derbyshire Peak District. Details on page 61 of this issue.

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, January 12

Prince Edward resigned from the Royal Marines because, as it was announced from Buckingham Palace, he did not want to make the service his career.

Tuesday, January 13

The Government declared that a £5 cold weather payment would be made to all eligible supplementary benefit claimants.

A French freelance photographer, Roger Aque, was kidnapped from his home in Muslim west Beirut—the sixth foreign journalist to be taken hostage since 1984.

The chairman of Guinness, Ernest Saunders, and two other directors were dismissed following revelations in *The Independent* that the company maintained a slush fund of £200 million to help set up deals to support the share price during their bid for Distillers.

Kazuo Ishiguro's *An Artist of the Floating World* won the £18,500 Whitbread Book of the Year competition.

Wednesday, January 14

Caterpillar, the American maker of earth-moving equipment, announced that it would close its plant at Uddington near Glasgow with a loss of 1,221 jobs.

Thursday, January 15

An Old Bailey jury acquitted Police Inspector Douglas Lovelock of unlawfully and maliciously shooting Mrs Cherry Groce during a police raid which sparked rioting in Brixton in September, 1985.

Afghan guerrillas launched several attacks on government forces ensuring that the ceasefire called by the Kabul government failed to take effect.

England lost the fifth Test in Sydney against Australia by 55 runs but won the series 2-1.

Friday, January 16

Peter Robinson, the Ulster Unionist MP, was fined £15,000 at a special criminal court in Dublin for his part in a cross-border invasion of an Irish village in August, 1986.

Hu Yaobang resigned as General Secretary of the Chinese Communist Party following the student demonstrations for more democracy and the launch of a campaign against "bourgeois liberalization".

The rate of inflation in the UK rose to 3.7 per cent during December.

Monday, January 19

British Aerospace won a contract worth more than £100 million to supply two

military communications satellites for Nato.

The American yacht, *Stars and Stripes*, skippered by Dennis Conner, won the Louis Vuitton challenge series off Fremantle, Western Australia and the right to contest the America's Cup final against the Australian yacht *Kookaburra III*.

Tuesday, January 20

Terry Waite, the Church of England's special envoy in Beirut, disappeared while trying to negotiate the release of hostages held by Shiite Muslims.

Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, announced that the cases of the six men convicted of the Birmingham pub bombing in 1974 would be reopened because forensic evidence and confessions used during the trial are now suspect.

The European Court of Human Rights rejected a claim by staff at the Government Communications Headquarters at Cheltenham that the ban on their joining unions was a breach of the European Human Rights Convention.

Conservative Euro-MP Sir Henry Plumb was elected as Britain's first president of the European Parliament.

Wednesday, January 21

The Soviet Union stopped jamming of the BBC Russian service for the first time in six and a half years.

Thursday, January 22

The Government obtained an injunction against the journalist Duncan Campbell to prevent the showing of a BBC film revealing details of the Zircon spy-in-the-sky satellite, but an account of the project was published in the *New Statesman* magazine. Later Special Branch

officers searched the magazine's offices, the home of the author and the BBC's Glasgow headquarters where tapes relating to the programme were seized.

Twelve people were killed and more than 100 injured when Philippine troops opened fire on 100,000 farmers demonstrating outside the presidential palace in Manila.

An Audit Commission report said that local government inefficiency had intensified the dereliction in parts of London.

Friday, January 23

Argyll, the Presto supermarkets and drinks group, bought Safeway Food Stores for £681 million.

The Sun newspaper, acknowledging that it had broken copyright by publishing a letter from the Duke of Edinburgh to Lieutenant General Sir Michael Wilkins of the Royal Marines concerning Prince Edward, agreed to pay an undisclosed sum of money to a charity of the Duke's choice.

Saturday, January 24

167 policemen were injured and 66 people arrested during demonstrations outside the News International printing plant to mark the first anniversary of the Murdoch newspaper move to Wapping.

Four professors, three American and one Indian, were kidnapped in Beirut University College, bringing to 10 the total number of foreigners kidnapped in the Lebanese capital since the beginning of the year.

Sunday, January 25

Chancellor Kohl's centre-right coalition of the Christian Democrats and the Free Democratic Party were returned to power in the West German Bundestag elections but with a smaller majority.

The New York Giants won American Football's Superbowl in Pasadena beating the Denver Broncos 39-20.

Monday, January 26

British Telecom engineers, members of the National Communications Union, went on strike after rejecting a 5-5.8 per cent pay offer. The following day 34,000 clerical staff joined the dispute.

An official report by Sir Frank Layfield cleared Government plans to build a £1.5 billion pressurized water reactor plant at Sizewell, Suffolk on both safety and economic grounds, but added that there should be more openness, publication of technical information and parliamentary scrutiny of nuclear safety.

Sir Roy Strong announced his decision to resign as director of the Victoria & Albert Museum at the end of the year.

Tuesday, January 27

Mikhail Gorbachev in a speech to the full central committee of the Communist Party announced his intention to overhaul the party by introducing new electoral procedures which would give some people the right to vote for different candidates.

Troops loyal to President Corazon Aquino prevented a military rebellion in the Philippines. A general and three colonels were arrested and 200 of the rebels who occupied a television station for three days were court-martialled.

Wednesday, January 28

The Employment Secretary, Lord Young, announced a new package of job training measures designed to cut the unemployment total by more than 100,000 by the autumn.

The Reagan administration ordered all Americans to leave Lebanon within 30 days and barred US citizens from going there without official approval.

Thursday, January 29

The US government ordered two aircraft carriers to remain on station in the eastern Mediterranean and moved its warships in the Gulf farther north. An Islamic group responded by saying they would kill three Americans and an Indian held hostage for five days if there was a military attack against Lebanon.

Alasdair Milne resigned as Director General of the BBC "for personal reasons", though reports from within the Corporation indicated that the only alternative he was given was dismissal.

A verdict of death by misadventure was returned by the jury at the Milton Keynes inquest on Michael Lush who was killed rehearsing a stunt on BBC's *Late, Late Breakfast Show*.

Friday, January 30

The South African Ambassador to London, Dr Denis Worrall, announced his resignation saying that he wished to return home because "this is a time for bridge-builders within all communities in South Africa to make themselves heard". Earlier President Botha said there would be a whites-only election on May 6.

Two people were killed when a bomb planted by the Basque separatists ETA exploded on a bus carrying army instructors to the Zaragoza Military Academy.

Saturday, January 31

Mary McGlinchey, wife of the jailed former boss of the Irish National Liberation Army, was shot dead in her home in Dundalk, Ireland, apparently as a result of recent feuding within the INLA.

Sunday, February 1

President Corazon Aquino won a landslide victory in the Philippines referendum for a new constitution that would endorse her presidency for six years and return the country to democracy.

Monday, February 2

William Casey, who had been in hospital suffering from a brain tumour since December, resigned as director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Alistair Maclean, the best-selling author, died aged 64.

Tuesday, February 3

The United States carried out an underground nuclear test in Nevada.

Wednesday, February 4

The US yacht *Stars and Stripes*, skippered by Dennis Conner, won the America's Cup in Fremantle beating the Australian yacht *Kookaburra III* 4-0 in the best-of-seven series.

Thursday, February 5

Leaders of the print union Sogat '82 voted to end the year-long dispute with News International. The following day the National Graphical Association also agreed to call off the picketing.

Ten leading members of the Animal Liberation Front who took part in a nationwide bombing campaign were jailed at Sheffield Crown Court for a total of 38 years.

Friday, January 6

The deadline for share applications in British Airways passed. The shares were 11 times over-subscribed.

Saturday, January 7

One man was shot dead and five others arrested as police ambushed a gang attempting to break into the Sir John Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields in London.

Ireland beat England 17-0 in the rugby union international in Dublin and France beat Wales 16-9 in Paris.



Terry Waite went missing in Beirut on January 20.

THE BIG FREEZE

Britain almost froze to a standstill early in the new year as temperatures fell to their lowest levels since records began in 1940, triggering cold-weather payments to old-age pensioners and leaving thousands of people stranded all over the country.

According to the Office of Population Censuses and Surveys, deaths rose by 2,000 in the week of the freeze to 14,067. The figures include deaths from all causes but were more than 1,000 above the normal level for the time of year.

Winds from Siberia over the weekend of January 10 and 11 brought the first major snowfalls of 1987 and chaos to road and rail travel. Temperatures dropped to -8°C in London and to -15.9°C at the ski resort of Aviemore in Scotland. The heaviest snowfalls were in Kent, where drifts of up to 20 feet were reported. The Thames froze between Runnymede and Sunbury, but the man who hoped to win £10,000 from the bookmakers on a £10 bet that he could walk on ice between Tower Bridge and London Bridge was out of luck.

The Central Electricity Generating Board met the record demand of supplies in England and Wales as householders turned up the heating by enlisting the help of France with a 2,000 megawatt Channel link. British Gas also worked flat out in response to demand but British Telecom found its exchanges jammed by people checking on the conditions. At Westminster, rubber mounts on Big Ben hardened in the cold, preventing the clock from chiming.

British Rail was also in difficulties and had to advise people not to travel unless it was essential. At Charing Cross it was announced that anyone



MARK CATTON/IMPACT

who insisted on travelling did so "at their own risk". Most trains ran late—Wednesday's 9.43am from Newcastle to Temple Meads, Bristol, due to arrive at 3.45pm, did not get in until 8.45am on Thursday, and the driver of a London train from Brighton arrived back five hours later after giving up at Balcombe, 18 miles away, when he was overtaken by cross-country skiers. BR said their snow ploughs could not cope and their £250,000 snow blower was at one point stranded in Inverness.

Road travellers fared no better. All routes from Newcastle into Scotland were blocked for a time and Norfolk was virtually cut off. About 1,000 motorists were given shelter in the small Northumberland village of Belford when they were stranded on the A1. One man was trapped in his car for 39 hours until a snow-clearing team found him on a remote stretch of moorland in Northumberland, and in Shropshire a woman drove her car along a road which turned out to be the frozen

Union Canal. She leapt to safety when the car began to sink.

In London some churches opened their doors to the homeless. St James's in Piccadilly was used as a relief centre and took in many of those who usually slept underneath the railway arches, after stocking up with blankets normally used for protecting paintings at Sotheby's, Phillips and Christie's auction rooms. There were shortages of food in some areas, particularly in Kent. Bread was rationed in Rochester, and one Chatham shop was selling milk at £1.80 a pint. The Army was called out to help food deliveries and to supply hospitals cut off for three days.

Animals suffered as well—penguins at the RSPCA's

wildlife unit at West Hatch, Somerset passed out in the sub-zero temperatures, stranded sheep ate the wool off each others backs because of the lack of grass, and at London Zoo lions had to be kept indoors because the moat surrounding their enclosure froze over and keepers feared they might escape.

It was Friday before temperatures rose above freezing point for most of the country and this brought flooding and burst pipes. Thousands of Londoners were without water when three of the capital's reservoirs ran dry as more than 100 million gallons of water were lost. Plumbers were charging up to £160 an hour for their services.

Britain nonetheless fared well compared to the rest of Europe where the temperature dropped as low as -60°C in Potrovsik, Siberia. The EEC made available a cold-weather relief emergency fund of £1.75 million, and released part of its beef and butter mountains.







Motorists faced the added difficulties of a jack-knifed lorry on the M2, while for the homeless the problem was finding a bed for the night—some managed to take refuge in local churches such as St James's, Piccadilly. Pages 18/19: Villagers from Stoke on the Isle of Grain in Kent were cut off for several days and sent out for supplies.



The only BR snow-blowing machine in the country was stuck in Scotland because of the freeze but was eventually used to clear railway tracks on the Isle of Grain. Rail workers constantly had to deal with freezing points which caused widespread disruption to travellers. Pages 22/23: A wintry view of St Paul's and the City.







PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER SCRUTTON & JULIAN CALDER/IMPACT

The moat surrounding Leeds Castle in Kent froze over as did the flamingo lake at Kirby Misperton zoo in north Yorkshire. The flamingos were allowed outside for only short periods to feed and keep their feet moist.
 Pages 24/25: Speed Skating Championships on Bury Fen, Cambridgeshire.



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What you can't see in the picture is an even more satisfying aspect of Mercedes-Benz performance technology: the 260E and 300E's new six-cylinder engines. These 2.6 and 3 litre electro-mechanically fuel-injected sixes are the synthesis of a myriad of technical advances patiently developed over many years of testing. Their single overhead cam design delivers the high power, quiet running and extreme smoothness previously the preserve of V8s.

The results are exceptional. With 188bhp, the 300E is one of the fastest saloons in its class. The 260E's performance is only slightly less exalted.

As with every Mercedes-Benz, the technological integrity runs deep. *Car* magazine called the multi-link rear suspension system "the most sophisticated steel suspension ever put into volume production."

Other distinguished motoring journalists registered cornering power stronger than many sports cars, but whilst the Mercedes 300E is a super handler, its driver and passengers also enjoy a marvellously supple and comfortable ride. There is also the reassurance of standard electronic anti-lock brakes that enable a driver to steer whilst braking on slick surfaces.

The interior, too, is a study in safety engineering as well as comfort. Importantly for long-distance driving, the meticulous design of the seats and layout of the controls is aimed at removing fatigue. There is something else about these cars: Mercedes-Benz build-quality – the renowned factor that led a leading national newspaper to deduce "the Mercedes can be expected to hold its value."

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NO PUSHOVER

Lord McAlpine looks affable. His hospitality is famous. But to underestimate his toughness can be dangerous. Henry Porter meets the man whose skills as the Conservatives' chief fund-raiser are vital for the next election campaign. Photograph by Julian Calder.

It is true that Lord McAlpine owns an extremely jolly face, a face whose shape and hue have been gradually achieved in 44 years' uninterrupted contemplation of life's little treats. And certainly the Honorary Treasurer of the Conservative Party is one of the most hospitable and companionable souls in politics. But anyone who is tempted to regard him as an affable pushover would be very much mistaken.

Two out of the four party chairmen that McAlpine has served have made the mistake of underestimating his toughness. Lord Thorneycroft, a seasoned political operator, had to climb down six years ago over a disagreement about party expenditure, and more recently John Selwyn Gummer was removed from Central Office to the obscurity of the Department of Agriculture when McAlpine threatened to resign. The Conservatives can always find another chairman but a fundraiser of McAlpine's calibre comes along once every century.

His quarrel with Gummer says much about him. He disapproved of Gummer's indecisive management of the party but, more specifically, he disliked the chairman's operation to distance the party from the travails of Cecil Parkinson in the autumn of 1983. He sets as much store on personal loyalty as the Prime Minister but even so it is surprising to hear him still speak so passionately about the Parkinson affair. "John Gummer was not as supportive of Cecil as he should have been. He was bloody sanctimonious as a matter of fact. I mean, bloody hell, if the Prime Minister can say Cecil Parkinson is my friend, why can't Gummer?"

The importance of McAlpine in Mrs Thatcher's calculations this year was indicated by his presence on Christmas Day at Chequers. The last time he was asked down during the festive season was in 1982 when, with other aides of the time, they settled the date of the election, planned the campaign to the very last detail and estimated the probable budget. It is certain that McAlpine is among the very few party workers who are aware of the

Prime Minister's options and indeed her preference. As one senior party official who attended the Chequers gathering in 1982 with McAlpine said, "Alistair knew as we all did about the June date. The plans for the whole campaign were settled at Christmas. And it all went according to our discussions."

In some ways McAlpine bears one of the greatest burdens of an election year. By the end of this month McAlpine will have had to have found £7 million. Before the election he will have had to extract a further £20 million from industrialists and constituency parties. "One always has difficulty in this. The best time is when we look like losing. But once we begin to look like winning they all say, 'Well, let someone else do it.'"

In 1983 there was a good deal of

if he did not respond to Alistair's fine armagnac by leaving a cheque.

"I never badger people. I do it at certain levels. If I ask to see someone they generally know that I am not coming to discuss the weather. But I entertain people endlessly. They are perpetually coming and going. I talk to them, I offer them coffee or a cup of tea and so forth."

The "so forth" is usually champagne which is offered in abundance in the rooms that Sir Gordon Reece and McAlpine share in Smith Square. The more Cromwellian members of the party disapprove of the sound of corks popping in the middle of the afternoon, but McAlpine and Sir Gordon make their own rules.

In his private life, he has two daughters from his first marriage, which ended in divorce in 1979; and

went to Stowe school and emerged at the minimum school leaving age with a single success in mathematics "O" Level. For the most part he spent his school days fishing, avoiding sport and building up collections of policemen's truncheons and pistols.

His first business success came in 1964 when he was 22. He received a telephone call which was intended for his father, the then Sir Robert McAlpine (he, too, is now a life peer). "It was a friend of his in Australia who said that the Premier of Western Australia was going to privatize the road building. He also mentioned that there were no decent hotels in Perth. I got on a plane and within a few hours of being there it was clear that the road building could not be privatized. But I found a site for a hotel and returned to England to persuade the family that it would be a good thing to set up a business in Australia."

McAlpine junior built the hotel and then put into effect his philosophy of property development. "Naturally our hotel improved the value of the land round it so I bought that. I took the view that I should buy anything that I could walk to from the hotel on a hot day... and that is not very far." McAlpine's investments took a while to work, but now he is a multi-millionaire in his own right and has expanded to building in Sydney and around the town of Broome in north-western Australia, where he has an estate and zoo.

One of his many passions is Australia and he takes a long holiday there each year, during which he grows a beard, oversees his collection of rare birds and explores Broome's hinterland which is one of the last great wildernesses on earth. He has completed a great journey across the outback but insists that it is purely coincidental that these trips trace the Union Jack across the map of Australia. McAlpine is not one for gazing at scenery for hours and the trips are conducted at a hectic speed. "Some people have to sit down and look at a view for a week. I look at a view and I have got it in a moment. It is the same with pictures. I can't see there is anything to be had from standing in front of a picture in

"The best time is when we look like losing. Once we begin to look like winning, they all say, 'Let someone else do it.'"

complacency among the traditional benefactors, so McAlpine resorted to what has become a legendary trick. He ordered 500 copies of the Labour Party Manifesto from the headquarters in Walworth Road and sent one to each of his wealthy targets with a note that read: "When you have had a look at this, perhaps you would like to send us some money."

The money indeed flowed but one suspects that it is a gimmick which may be used once, if only because the Labour Party's taxation and defence plans are more widely appreciated than they were in 1983. Over the coming months he will rely on his alluring gift as a host. Whether McAlpine is entertaining at his rooms in Smith Square, or nearby in his little house in Great College Street his hospitality is bountiful. It is easy to imagine the chairman of some large concern feeling churlish

a new daughter from his second marriage in 1980 to Romilly Hobbs, an interior decorator.

The interesting part of McAlpine's manner is that while he appears utterly relaxed he is always listening for opportunities. During our interview at his gallery in Cork Street, I happened to mention that I had interviewed the multi-millionaire Paul Getty in hospital. I added that Shirley Williams had recently been in attendance at his bedside and surmised that she might be seeking funds for the SDP. He looked at me with a surprising intensity. Did I think she had got any money? Would Getty look favourably on the Conservative Party? Did he have money to spare?

McAlpine is a gifted opportunist, although there is nothing in his childhood to suggest that he would succeed in business or in politics. He



a gallery for hours. I either like or hate a picture in a moment."

It is difficult to find fault with McAlpine because he enjoys life to such a degree and communicates his enthusiasms about the wildlife of antipodean deserts, the art of the Roman metalsmiths, the food of chef Anton Mosimann and the sculpture of Richard Long—to name a few—so well that he is great fun to be with. He is in a sense a conductor whose primary skill is organization. He is not a complex man and will frequently admit that he does not possess two political ideas to rub together. But he does possess a fairly shrewd estimate of somebody's worth and, more important, an idea of how they may be used to his and their benefit.

If McAlpine had failed to make it in his father's firm and his work for the Britain in Europe campaign had gone

unnoticed by Mrs Thatcher, he would almost certainly have ended up as an art dealer. For most of his life he has been forming collections. "It started when I was a very small boy—picking up stones and pretending they were dragon's eggs or ancient axe-heads. Then at whatever age one's parents let me loose I would go into Henley on Thames with a shilling. Sixpence would be spent on a cream bun and sixpence spent in an old shop owned by an elderly chap with grey hair called Giles who was an archetypal antique dealer."

McAlpine always pursued his collections with single-minded thoroughness. But as soon as he tired of old firearms, or American abstract art or whatever, they would be sold without remorse to finance his next passion. He has a Mr Toad quality about him except that through his collections he has gained a good deal

of erudition and made many friends. His momentary infatuation with rhubarb cultivators may not have done much for his social life but his interest in Australian art did introduce him to one of his greatest friends, the painter Sir Sidney Nolan.

McAlpine reminds me of the Florentine bankers of the late 15th century, not so much for his patronage or intellectual appreciation as for his astute use of money. He now functions very creditably as a part-time dealer which suits him perfectly. He may own and handle an article for as long as he likes and sell it as soon as it bores him. His shop is one of the most fascinating collections in London containing Romano-British artifacts, medieval paintings, Anglo-Saxon belt buckles, axe-heads and Greek heads. My lasting memory of this meeting will be Lord McAlpine of West Green, his mouth full of

bacon sandwich, enthusing about the inventory of Charles I's household which he had just bought.

I asked him if he had ever bought anything which he felt he would never sell. "Yes, as a matter of fact I did, about six months ago. I have always admired a bead on a medieval rosary in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. On the front is a carving of two lovers embracing. On the back there is a skull and an inscription which says: 'Reflect well on death for dead you will surely be'. It really meant something to me. Life is not a rehearsal because death is always there. Anyway, a dealer offered me a similar bead with the same inscription on it. I bought it, brought it back here and put in on the table. A friend happened to be here and asked me if I'd sell it. I did. I don't know why ... I couldn't help myself." ○



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**GEORGE KNIGHT
— Overseas —**

MORE BLOTS ON THE LANDSCAPE

Last month we listed 40 buildings that our readers wanted to demolish in order to improve the capital's environment. Here are some further nominations.

The idea of improving London by knocking down a few buildings seems to have caught on, and since our last issue a number of new nominations have been received. There has also been some last-minute support for the removal of Centre Point, the 36-storey office block at the junction of St Giles Circus and New Oxford Street built in 1965 to the design of R. Seifert & Partners, and the Lloyd's building, designed by Richard Rogers & Partners and opened last year. Jill Craigie was among those voting against Centre Point, on the grounds that it is out of scale with its surroundings and because of its absurd location, which "can only increase traffic congestion during rush hour". Patrick Cormack, Conservative MP for Staffordshire South, has joined those who want the Lloyd's building destroyed: "If this is what the 21st century threatens," he writes, "architecture really has abdicated as Queen of the Arts."

The Admiralty "Citadel" in the Mall (put up in 1940 to the design of W. D. Forsyth) also gets another thumbs down, this time from Luke Rittner, Secretary General of the Arts Council, who describes it as an outrageous and bulky eyesore which not even creepers can disguise.

One of the new nominations is for the Trocadero in Shaftesbury Avenue. The Trocadero, once a music hall, then a restaurant, is now a shopping and entertainment complex reminiscent of some parts of New York. As a building it is a conglomeration of styles, the current interior designed by Fitzroy Robinson with Ove Arup & Partners as structural engineers, built behind the façade of the old buildings designed by W. J. Ansell in 1896 with subsequent additions by Ansell and by F. J. Wills in 1930. Bill McAlister, Director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, regards it as "an ironic totem to the planning processes in this country". Hardly a building, he suggests, has been "subject to so much deliberation by so many authorities to achieve such an eyesore".

The Millbank Tower, which escaped nomination last month, has now joined the list of modern tall buildings that some people would like to knock down, among them Professor P. E. O'Sullivan of the Welsh School of Architecture. The tower was built for the Vickers Group in 1960-63 by Ronald Ward & Partners and stands 387 feet high.

Two more buildings by the architect Sir Denys Lasdun, whose

National Theatre featured in last month's list, have been nominated. Lord Young of Dartington, Director of the Institute of Community Studies, has selected Keeling House in Temple Street, E2, because he believes it stands for "the ravaging of East London by the architectural wreckers who have destroyed so many local communities".

A neighbour of Lasdun's much-acclaimed Royal College of Physicians in Regent's Park, D. E. Reid, who was formerly British Ambassador to Liberia, takes exception to the building because of its complete incongruity, its "ugly windows giving out fluorescent strip lighting like a fish-and-chip shop".

Another reader, Derek Young, has nominated the Royal College of Art in Kensington Gore, SW7, because it ruins so many views of the Royal Albert Hall. "It is a miserable-looking building of dirty grey concrete and dull brickwork," he writes, "completely out of keeping with its handsome neighbours." The building he refers to was put up in 1961 to the designs of H. T. Cadbury-Brown. Sir Hugh Casson and R. Y. Goodden.

The Albert Memorial, which stands in Kensington Gardens across the road from the College and the Albert

Hall, has been objected to by an Australian reader, R. Bruce, who believes that it must be too dark and gloomy to do justice to its subject, who was a much nicer fellow. The memorial was designed by George Gilbert Scott and completed in 1876. It was liked at the time but ridiculed when the reaction against Victorian ornament set in. Now that things Victorian are more valued the Albert Memorial is regarded with more general public affection. Whether this is strong enough to ensure its survival may soon be put to the test, for it seems it will need costly repairs to keep it standing. Unless public money is forthcoming it may well be the first of our reader-nominated blots to fall down of its own accord.

Blots on the ILN

Last month the design of the Euston Tower was wrongly attributed to R. Seifert & Partners. In fact it was the work of Lewis, Solomon, Kaye & Partners, and we regret the error.

We also wish to apologise to Monica Pidgeon for including her name among those calling for the removal of the Barbican. It was the three stark glass towers along the London Wall, on the edge but not part of the Barbican, to which she objected.



Centre Point, far left, has become a popular choice for removal. Designed by R. Seifert & Partners and built in 1965, it stands at the busy junction of New Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road. Among those who nominated it is Jill Craigie who complains that it is totally out of scale with its surroundings. The Albert Memorial, left, designed by George Gilbert Scott and completed in 1876, was chosen by a reader on the grounds that it is far too gloomy to do justice to its subject. The Royal College of Art, right, which was built in Kensington Gore in 1961, is disliked because it ruins so many views of the Albert Hall.



The first sight of Peter Palumbo's headquarters at 37A Walbrook in the City, or that bit of it which peeps out from behind his beloved church of St Stephen Walbrook, comes as a shock. Could it be that the man whose obsessive dream has been to endow the City with a tower block designed by Mies van der Rohe works in *neo-Georgian* offices? Then one realizes that it was his father Rudolph, now 85, who had the neo-Georgian penchant, not having been granted a vision of excellence at Eton.

Indeed Palumbo senior, whose father had come over from Amalfi in southern Italy and had set up a café in Lower Thames Street, had only a rudimentary education, though he later taught himself well enough to become a Fellow of the Society of Arts. "What he did have was a towering financial ability, iron determination and great integrity," said his son fondly. Just 10 years after leaving school Rudolph Palumbo had, aged 24, built Regis House by London Bridge, and went on to make a large fortune from property.

Sitting in his office surrounded by contemporary paintings, including a remarkable late Picasso, and often accompanied by a large Alsatian, Peter Palumbo gives an extraordinary impression of quietly contained energy and a good share of his father's determination: a man who believes that only the best is good enough. Now aged 51, he was a late and only child: his mother, English through and through and a fine musician on violin and piano, was 41 when he was born. She, too, is still alive, aged 92. At Eton, where he was blissfully happy, he came under Oliver van Oss, the senior languages master and later headmaster of Charterhouse, who had a genius for uncovering and promoting some talent in even the dimmest-seeming boy. A fine artist himself, van Oss might talk to his top pupils about Seurat or Giotto, or, as happened one day, about Mies van der Rohe, Frank Lloyd Wright and other great modern architects.

"I was absolutely overwhelmed by Mies's work," Palumbo recalled. "I thought it was so beautiful, so pure and so timeless. It had the economy of line that much great art has, an effortless beauty, like seeing Walter Hammond driving through the covers. I never imagined I would meet the man, let alone get to know him pretty well in his last seven years, still less have him design something for me."

The seeds of his first encounter had been sown in 1958, soon after Palumbo had graduated in law from Oxford and started to work with his father. "I had been here for a few days," he recalled, "having done time with Cluttons, the chartered surveyors, and with Hambros bank, when we happened to have £100,000 available for investment.

My father said: 'What should we do with this money? What are your ideas? Do we invest it in gilts, fine wine or what?' I had just that morning seen a freehold property in Bucklersbury (nearby) for around that sum. My recommendation was that we bought it."

The idea of a development emerged later when two or three more freeholds came their way: eventually the Mansion House site, now called No 1 Poultry, involved 13 freeholds and 348 leaseholds; and in 1962 he went to see Mies in Chicago. "He was absolutely wonderful. Contrary to what I rather expected he was very approachable and friendly; reserved until he got to know and trust you, then very expansive, not at all patronizing, and remarkably open to suggestions." Mies's Mansion

It was a bitter blow to Palumbo when in May, 1985 the scheme was rejected by the planning authorities as unduly obtrusive and out of character with its surroundings—objections which the architect James Stirling was careful to take into account in evolving his two alternative successor plans. Delighted though he is with Stirling's low-rise scheme B, which now includes a 200-seat roof restaurant and garden, Palumbo is not impressed by the argument that Mies's building was "old hat", a 60s building in an 80s setting. "If you accept that Mies is one of the three or four greatest architects of the 20th century, I don't think you should measure great architecture in terms of a five-, 20- or even 75-year cycle: great architecture is measured in a much

pluses in terms of social, economic and aesthetic advantage."

Palumbo has proved his own conservationist credentials by his fundraising for, and heavy personal contributions towards, the restoration of Wren's minor masterpiece, St Stephen Walbrook, controversial though his plan to enrich it with a Henry Moore altar has been; and recently by becoming chairman of the restoration committee for Pains-hill Park in Surrey, a derelict masterpiece of 18th-century landscape architecture. Recently, too, he became chairman of the new Tate Gallery Foundation, which will seek private sector contributions for the redevelopment of the old military hospital site adjoining the Tate.

No doubt there will be controversy there too. Palumbo much regrets the bitterness and jealousy that bedevil British reactions to major commissions. "Because some design has a label attached to it, it is either wonderful or horrible. That makes no sense at all to me, providing the quality is there. Michael Graves, the great post-modern American architect, said to me once: 'You know, there is room for us all as long as the yardstick is excellence.'

"Of course, it is all very subjective. What is excellence? What is quality? One thing is certain: good architecture is good economics. It's shown by Mies's Seagram Building in New York, which since it was put up in 1958 has consistently been \$5 or \$10 ahead of the market in rental per square foot. The jealousy is nothing new. Christopher Wren, arguably the greatest British architect and certainly the most famous, died in 1723 a sad and isolated figure, cast out into the wilderness, a victim of the grudging reluctance we seem to have to acknowledge great public commissions, in his case St Paul's.

"Disraeli said 120 years later that the architect of the Houses of Parliament, Sir Charles Barry, should be hanged in public; and after that George Edmund Street, architect of the Law Courts in the Strand, was subjected to such a campaign of vituperation and scandal-mongering that he died in 1884, the year before Queen Victoria opened the Law Courts. It is peculiarly British, the way the buildings for which we have such affection attracted such overwhelming criticism when they were being constructed."

Palumbo experienced some abuse himself over his City development scheme. It was a difficult period, coinciding with the death of his first wife Denia from cancer. A few months after her death last spring he found himself seated at a dinner next to a vivacious Lebanese lady whom he had met 10 years earlier on a flight from Paris to London. They were married a few weeks ago. After public and private setbacks, a more positive era is dawning for the man who loves quality ○

THE MAN WHO LOVES QUALITY

Modern architecture is unloved in Britain because it is judged by mediocre examples, argues the property developer Peter Palumbo, on whose plans for No 1 Poultry the City authorities have been sitting in judgment. He talks to Roger Berthoud.

House site scheme, complete with an austere simple tower block, was his last big task before his death in 1969. Earlier he had become godfather to Palumbo's younger daughter, Laura, and the developer had bought a private house which Mies had designed 60 miles southwest of Chicago, on the River Fox.

"If Mies's building had been built, let's say in 1969 or 70, I believe it would have had a relevance, an impact on the quality of the City of London that would have been incalculable. If people can't see the real thing, it's difficult to explain to them that it is not just another matchbox. What is this timeless quality, this economy of line that informs the whole work like a Rembrandt pen drawing? The sophistication of it is a distillation of a lifetime's experience and of an incredible sensibility, together with the use of fine materials and a matchless attention to detail."

greater span of time than that. I do very much sympathize with the reaction against high-rise buildings. By and large they are badly put together, lack quality, and many of them are not even functional; and I do have great sympathy with the conservationist argument, because we are surrounded by a lot of mediocre modern buildings. Bad examples are all there are to judge by.

"If the buildings on the site had been great Victorian architecture, there wouldn't have been any controversy about them. I would have respected the architecture. Of course we must retain the very best of the past. On the other hand, where you have buildings of secondary or even tertiary quality and of no particular historic interest, then I think they should not be allowed to stand in the way of progress—if it can be demonstrated that what is to replace them shows significant



PETER PALUMBO, WITH ABSTRACT PAINTING BY WILLIAM SCOTT: "BY AND LARGE HIGH-RISE BUILDINGS ARE BADLY PUT TOGETHER, AND MANY ARE NOT EVEN FUNCTIONAL."



1887 This was no ordinary year. For it was the apex of a pioneering era, when men dreamed of moving mountains.

One such man was the Reverend Hamish Range-Croft. Another was our own ancestor, William Grant of Glenfiddich.

Being famed for the fire of his sermons, the Highland parson set out in his Human Mole Apparatus upon a journey to the core of the Earth.

There, he dreamed of verifying the existence of brimstone, returning with samples to strike fear into the hearts of his flock.

William Grant, more modestly, dreamed of building a distillery with his own hands.

Nevertheless, he was to shake the core of the distilling world.



With his virtually unparalleled knowledge of his craft, his whisky was to become spoken of in hushed reverence as the stuff that drams are made of.

And one hundred years later, we his descendants continue to be an independent distilling family.

As for the Reverend Range-Croft, it is believed that his endeavours took him down in the world.

In the record books, he is listed as the first victim of "Range-Croft's Syndrome". The malady which is now known, in popular parlance, as "Tunnel Vision".

1987

WILLIAM GRANT'S • THE STUFF THAT DRAMS ARE MADE OF

Will business breakfasts become as great a British institution as the meal itself? Michael Pye samples a variety in the capital.

LONDON'S BEST BREAKFASTS

The New York breakfast meeting mops up the adrenalin that is rising as commuters face the city: it is an institution in any hotel. In Los Angeles, where they have to start early because everywhere else has started long before them, the breakfast meeting sets the tone for the day. But in London the business breakfast is less than an institution.

It implies urgency, status, and how much time you or your deal is worth. It may be just a welcome excuse to talk business without booze (Buck's Fizz is reserved for hotel residents and a handful of market pubs). It may be a time for moguls jousting, press barons buying and selling at the Ritz. If you are breakfasting, you want to play it for all you can.

You have to know what you are doing, because breakfast is not the languorous, get-acquainted, foodie affair that a well-planned business lunch can be. You have barely an hour to sell, deal, fix or test, and you must use the time efficiently. Fity the man who did business at the Savoy and had run out of deals before the food arrived; the talk congealed with the eggs and very nearly spoiled.

The status games are complex, too. On the face of it, you give breakfast to people who are not worth a lunch; but not always. Senior city brokers may share their in-house breakfasts with clients just to acknowledge that those clients are much too busy and important to have their day disturbed by mere talk of dealing.

In the City, though, breakfast is staff-time, an occasion for digesting the FT and toast or thrashing out problems. It is an essential preparation for meetings that start at eight—and Tokyo is already dealing by then. At brokers James Capel, their butler Ken Cook has served 100 breakfasts a day (the City's best bacon and egg) ever since Big Bang. "Rather a pensive meal," he says.

It is also an insider's meal, for business people heading out of London together to strike some deal. They can breakfast on the train (see below) or on a plane (which renders talk impossible). But ground pick-

ings at London's airports are slim and even the airlines privately concede that the restaurants are distinctly lacking.

You can have coffee and a meeting at the Heathrow Business Centre (759 2434) or head for a nearby hotel or motel. Forget the airline lounges for privileged customers—they are either too small (such as the British Airways bolthole in Terminal One) or beyond the passport barrier, where only travellers can go.

As often as not a breakfast meeting takes place where some hard-pressed, out-of-town businessman is staying. It is the only way to have a meeting on his territory (by dinner time even the Dorchester belongs to everyone, almost).

The best breakfast available is at the Connaught, where a grand English breakfast costs around £14.60 plus a 15 per cent service charge, but it is not actually available unless you stay there. The Connaught spoils its guests, and wants no competition for the tables.

This factor influenced our choice of the Ritz—where, if you book, you can be sure of a table and so do not suffer a stampede of residents for, say, breakfast at 7.50am. You can wait at your table, with the papers, for late guests to arrive.

Sometimes, if your business is strictly confidential, you may require a room of your own. The bargain private room is revealed below.

But no matter what you discuss you will not want the competition to overhear you. To make sure, choose places with noise, distraction or strangers (or, better still, all three). Or go for camouflage in places where nobody negotiates anything at breakfast beyond the day's shopping allowance. In the generous booths at Richoux, for example, the other guests would not dream of admitting they knew what you were talking about and, in the Knightsbridge branch, will probably be distracted by some personality such as Anthony Hopkins.

Since London has no fixed style for breakfast meetings you can use eccentric places with the right at-

mosphere of power, to convenient places on everyone's way to work. Choose a breakfast style to suit you.

■ **The Ritz**, Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). 7.30-10.30am. Serves kedgeree or kidneys in a frilly room, all *faux mordre* and tassels. It scores not so much on quality—they seem to have patented the almost fat-free croissant—but because they will actually take bookings for parties of four or more. If you're six or more, they like you to book and settle on a fixed menu, which is rather shabby for the kitchen of a grand hotel. Tables are smallish, round, and big-fryer talk wafers across the room. It is not a confidential place, but everyone is busy and the service is discreet (or, sometimes, just slow). Piles of ffs and other newspapers are at the door.

Breakfast buffet of hams, cheeses, mussels; à la carte menu which stretches to scrambled egg with smoked salmon and chives; Continental breakfast with suspect brioche; but proper orange juice for £6.50. English breakfast (bacon, egg, sausage, mushroom and tomato) for £9.25. Try the kedgeree—proper haddock, eggs and rice in a curry sauce. For people who dare to be seen, but with serious matters to discuss: stylish room, respectable food.

■ **Coates Café**, 45 London Wall, EC2 (256 5148). 7-10am. Brash, yuppiedom—fresh-faced brokers selling astonishing amounts to fresh-faced buyers. Privacy is assured by constant video—late night CNN (Cable News Network), live from America by satellite, all chat-shows and news. There is a horseshoe bar, some isolated tables—ask for the one by the secondary bar, in a glass alcove all on its own—and the glint of chrome and mirrors (Coates has been open less than six months). Breakfast lacks variety but it is good—either Continental breakfast for a startling £1.95, with good coffee poured the minute you sit down (resist the appalling jam!), or bacon, sausage, mushroom and creamy scrambled eggs for £4.50.

Staff are attentive but discreet; you could talk here if you have the right table, and it is quiet enough, except between 7.30am and 8.30am, to make the closeness of the tables uncomfortable. At breakfast it is the City's best transport café, minus the grease. For people who sell and, perhaps, aspire to be American: above average food, good-looking and remarkably cheap.



■ **Fox and Anchor**, Charterhouse Street, EC1 (253 4838). 6am-noon. Close to Smithfield market, it has a most solid set meal: egg, bacon, sausage (English pink, unfortunately), fried bread, beans, black pudding, mushrooms and tomatoes for only £4.50 (although you pay for orange juice and each cup of coffee separately).

Diverse clientele—Peter York, Clement Freud, Norman Willis of the

TUC—swear by it. Talk is possible because different tables come from different works. You can even drink beer with your breakfast, if the heart and the diet stand it. Busiest, even scrum-like, as the porters leave their market and dealers head for theirs, 7.30-8.30am. Robust atmosphere, eccentric, friendly, a place where it is easy to talk.

■ **The 8am Manchester Pullman from Euston**, (387 7070). Of course you all have to be going in the same direction at the same time which makes it likely that you are all on the same side. The train is not the best place for selling. But listen as you fork through all that glorious cholesterol, and you'll realize how much strategy and tactics get decided on wheels. Sadly, the best BR breakfast—porridge, followed by

finnan haddock crowned with a poached egg—is reserved for Scottish trains, but the choice is expanding on Pullmans.

There is the notorious, splendid grill for £7.95: bacon, sausage, egg, fried bread, fried tomatoes and mushrooms and potatoes, preceded by cereal and followed by toast. There are almost always kippers, and there is now a ham, cheese and sausage plate. The "light" breakfast (£6.10) just leaves out the grill. Service often manages to be both grubby and obsequious, but it does not intrude. For people planning the business of the day in some other city, it is comfortable and satisfying.

■ **Browns Hotel**, Dover Street, W1 (499 6122). 7.15-10am. Has awards for its breakfasts, and lets you book call the direct line above. The break-

fast menu is a model: fruit juice, croissants and coffee (for £6), plus cereal and eggs, including poached eggs browned on a base of tomato concasse (£6.75), or a serious breakfast for only £8.50 (they reward serious appetites here). You can have porridge and finnan haddock, matured kippers, grilled plaice or even roast beef hash. What is more, you can talk with ease. The only drawback is the possible rush in the summer months, as it is one of the smaller hotels.

■ **Le Tire-Bouchon**, 6 Upper James Street, W1 (437 5348). 8-11am. Houses refugees from Wardour Street and Granada, and provides peace, good croissants and almost unlimited coffee (£6.75 with orange juice; £3.50 if you want scrambled eggs as well). Balcony is best for

quiet talk, but usually there is quiet to spare.

■ **Inn on the Park**, Hamilton Place, W1 (499 0888). Provides a perfectly good breakfast in its restaurants, but its private rooms are used by financial outfits for their confidential meetings—and for good financial reasons, too. For five people or more, a full English breakfast with fresh orange juice and a slice of pineapple, in a private room with fresh flowers, costs £14.75 a head (VAT and service included). A restaurant breakfast could cost more elsewhere.

■ **Richoux**, 41a South Audley Street, W1 (629 5228). 8.30-11.30am. Camouflage territory where Mayfair denizens break brioche, and as private as you could want. They understand that you may want only boiled egg and toast (£1.80), but they also provide fresh orange juice with the usual morning grill (£6.50) and the New Yorker (£5.95)—waffles and syrup, egg, bacon and sausage. Branches in Piccadilly and on the Oldrompton Road, at opposite Harrods offer equally deep cover.

■ **Café du Commerce**, 3 Lime Harbour, E14 (538 2030). 8.30-11am. In pioneer territory: outer Docklands, in the Enterprise zone, on the Isle of Dogs—which makes it an ideal place for a café if you are or business this far east (and you will be, sooner or later) they will provide fruit, coffee, fruit juice and croissants for £2.75, and add a dish of scrambled eggs and smoked salmon for £3.75. Fry-ups are not an option.

■ **Dolphin Brasserie**, Dolphin Square, Chichester Street, SW1 (828 3207). 7.30-10am. It says in the lease of this stylish restaurant that they must feed the residents of Dolphin Square all day, and they do—which makes it a lobbyist's dream. Resident MPs such as David Steel dash through for brisk talks over coffee, fruit juice and croissants (about £3.30), and those travelling business people who use the Dolphin Square apartments do their early morning talking here. You can swim in the pool before eating, or watch the swimmers as you eat: two ways to experience a sense of well-being.

CONSTABLE APPEAL



The Tate Gallery has launched an appeal for £2,945,650 for the purchase from a private British collection of Constable's only major painting of London, *The Opening of Waterloo Bridge*: a remarkable 7-foot-wide panorama from Whitehall to St Paul's setting the colour and pageantry of the occasion against the natural drama of sky and water. The price has been reduced by tax concessions from £4 million. The Tate's trustees have committed £500,000 from their purchase grant. The National Heritage Fund has given £1 million and will match public contributions up to a further £500,000. The National Art Collections Fund has contributed £250,000. So £2,945,650 is needed to save the painting from the danger of export. It is on view at the Tate until the appeal ends on April 20.

Constable shows a moment of the scene before the opening of the handsome John Kennie bridge on June 18, 1817, second anniversary of the battle, by the Prince Regent, later George IV. Constable, who had recently married and settled in London, was almost certainly present. But after executing several sketches, he did not complete this triumphant version until 15 years after the event, writing in his diary in February, 1832 that he was "tasting away at great London". It was shown at the Royal Academy, then in Somerset House, that April. The viewpoint is from the garden of Pembroke House, the London home of the earls of Pembroke, which was then on the Thames, roughly where the Ministry of Defence now stands. The bow-fronted house on the left was demolished around 1896 when Horse Guards Avenue was built. The bridge, too, was pulled down in 1936 and replaced by the present one in 1942. The painting shows the Prince Regent ("Prinny") standing on the landing of Whitehall Stairs, waiting to embark on one of two royal barges. He was then rowed to the other end of the bridge near the round shot tower, which was in fact built nine years later, and survived into the 1950s, though the square shot tower nearby did already exist. Escorted by the Dukes of York and Wellington, the Prince Regent then walked the length of the bridge, which was lined with veterans of the battle of Waterloo.

ROGER BERTHOUD

Now here is a little something to keep you cool down by the pool – the 1987 Uno SX from Fiat.

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the road. A front spoiler with integral foglamps, black wheel arch extensions, discreet side skirts and chrome tailpipe sit with tinted windows help complete the picture.

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COURTAULDS

Material for success

Carol Kennedy charts the fortunes of Courtaulds, manufacturer of textiles, chemicals and industrial products.

Courtaulds is one of the great survival stories of British business. The Victorian passion for elaborate mourning made it a household name in British textiles when it virtually cornered the market in crape, a stiff, crimped, black silk fabric in which prosperous widows proclaimed their bereavement. That trade was already in decline when Queen Victoria died in 1901, but the development of viscose, the first commercially successful man-made fibre, ensured Courtauld's progress in the first half of the century as the world's largest producer of rayon, or "artificial silk", as it was known then.

In the 1950s, after nylon and other synthetics had revolutionized clothing, a laboratory breakthrough made Courtaulds a leader in acrylic fibre with Courtelle, but over-confident expansion in fibres and textiles met its nemesis in glutted fibre markets, the oil price shocks of the 1970s and, in textiles, the challenge of cheap Far Eastern imports. At the start of the 80s the company was peering into a pit of losses.

Today, after a textbook example of management turnaround, Courtaulds has gained a position as Western Europe's leading manufacturer of acrylics. Its textile group is a power in high-street apparel, quick deliveries in response to changing fashion trends being an area the Far East cannot match. It is sometimes irreverently known as Britain's largest knicker-maker, supplying 38 per cent of Marks & Spencer's underwear (what Courtaulds delicately calls "intimate apparel"), and sporting among its own brand names Gos-sard, Kayser, Aristoc, Wolsey and Lyle & Scott.

Courtaulds' balance sheet, with sales of £2,200 million, is now far less dependent on textiles than it was in the 1970s. The group's chemical and industrial businesses—embracing plastics, packaging film, paint (its International Paint company is the world leader in marine and yacht coatings) and woodpulp as well as fibres—produce 65 per cent of its operating profits and are moving confidently into such growth areas as speciality chemicals and advanced aerospace materials. In the half year to September, 1986, Courtaulds' profits were up 36 per cent to £82 million before tax, comfort-

ably outstripping City expectations.

In 1981 the figures had been enough to make generations of the old Huguenot Courtaulds turn in their graves: annual profits that year were a mere £5.1 million on sales of £1,700 million, leaving bottom-line losses of £116.9 million after sweeping plant closures and redundancies. The textile group took the full force of the job cuts, halving its workforce in the UK to 35,000.

Courtaulds' recovery from its bleak prospects in the early 80s is much admired in the City, as is the cerebral and self-effacing chairman

cycles most mornings from his west London home) working on a strategy designed to "grow" Courtaulds organically out of its existing businesses. A glittering acquisition might do wonders for the share price, but Courtaulds has learnt the hard way the perils of a buying spree. Hogg and his boardroom strategists are content to "wring extra money out of what we know best".

Hogg, elected to Courtaulds' hot seat in 1979 after 11 years spent working in all of the company's major product groups, is a highly individual figure in the ranks of

he scrapped the company's box at Covent Garden. He will not give up biking to work despite the concern of some board colleagues for his safety in the London traffic. And he is probably the only chairman of a major company to share a secretary.

Boardroom colleagues say his style is to "work through other people", in contrast to Courtaulds' tradition of dominant, father-figure chairmen. His great contribution, everyone agrees, has been to "professionalize" the company's management, which had grown flabby and inward-looking, having revolved for years around the autocratic figure of Lord Kearton, chairman from 1964 to 1975.

Hogg greatly respects Kearton as a mentor for his decisive style of management and as a motivator. "People would march out of this office when he was chairman feeling 10 feet tall," Kearton was a giant of industry in his time, but time sabotaged his vision of a huge, vertically integrated textile business made powerful by acquisition.

"At one time it was almost as if we were making an acquisition a week," recalls Dr Wooding, a deputy chairman of Courtaulds. Swallowing so many companies to build up Courtaulds' activities "downstream" towards the market-place produced what Hogg calls "managerial indigestion". Kearton's managers, used to the boss moving all the levers himself from Hanover Square, found it hard to cope when recession began to hit the industry.

The company that Christopher Hogg (the knighthood came in 1985) took over at its darkest hour was founded by a family of Huguenot refugees who came to England between 1685 and 1700. They started as wine traders, then became silversmiths and in 1775 the textile connexion began when George Courtauld I was apprenticed to a silk "throwster", or manufacturer, in Spitalfields, east London (the term arose from the silk yarn being twisted or "thrown" on the mill, rather than spun).

As the 1800s began, George Courtauld was managing a silk-throwing mill at Pebmarsh in Essex, and in 1809 he moved to Braintree, around which Courtaulds and their relations have been settled ever since. George



The Courtauld family originally came to England as Huguenot refugees between 1685 and 1700. Their first link with textiles was forged in 1775 when George Courtauld I was apprenticed as a silk throwster.

who wrought the transformation, Sir Christopher Hogg. Stock-market analysts are still puzzled as to why this admiration has not yet been reflected in the company's sluggish share rating, though textiles expert David Buck of stockbrokers Barclays de Zoete Wedd sticks to the prediction he made in September, 1985 that a full breakthrough could take three years.

Hogg's own naturally low-key style is not calculated to get the market excited. He could, he says, "talk the share price up", but he prefers to beaver away in his unpretentious Hanover Square office (to which, shunning a company car, he

British company chairmen. Only 43 when he took over the ailing textile and fibre giant, and still vigorously youthful and black-haired at 50, he is an Oxford MA and a Harvard Master of Business Administration, gained "with High Distinction". In his 20s he taught for a year at a Swiss business school before joining Hill Samuel, the London merchant bank which has been responsible for nurturing many high-flying careers.

He has a somewhat austere reputation—"hairshirt" is his word—because of his impatience with chairmanlike trappings. "I detest status symbols," he says. In 1981, "hacking around" to find economies,



Courtauld's chairman Sir Christopher Hogg who, since he took over in 1979 has rescued the company from decline by "professionalizing" its management, making it concentrate on strategy. "There are huge opportunities to make money in textiles if you are good enough," he says. "It's the thing we know, we've been in it for a hell of a long time."

quarrelled with his partner and in 1818 returned to settle in America, where he had earlier farmed for a while. His son, Samuel Courtauld III, born in New York in 1793, effectively founded the Courtauld business by setting up as a silk throwster in Bocking, the next-door parish to Braintree. With the help of brothers and cousins, the Essex mills prospered in Bocking and Halstead, and by 1830 were beginning to specialize in the manufacture of mourning crape.

From 1850 to 1900 crape completely dominated the business. By the 1870s the partners were earning an average of 30 per cent return

every year on their capital, and Samuel Courtauld in his last 10 years had an income averaging £46,000 a year from his investment in the business. In the 1880s, with electric looms and 3,000 people employed, Samuel Courtauld and Co was one of the biggest companies in Britain's silk industry.

Such profits were possible because Victorian England and to some extent France had adopted on a grand scale the habit of deep mourning formerly confined to Court circles. A widow was expected to shroud herself for a year and a day in black parramatta—a type of worsted mixed with silk—

heavily trimmed with crape and topped off by a black crape bonnet and veil. After that period she spent another year in black, gradually shedding the crape trimmings.

Inevitably, social customs and economics changed, but no one in Courtaulds' management foresaw it: when the demand for heavy mourning declined after Queen Victoria's death in 1901, the company found itself out on a limb, isolated geographically from Britain's other textile manufacturers, and with its special market niche gone for ever.

The business was saved by a technical genius from outside the family, a Yorkshire mill manager named

Henry Greenwood Tetley. Together with Thomas Latham, a Lancastrian who became Courtaulds' sales manager, Tetley re-equipped the production end of the business and introduced a major programme to develop coloured silk chiffons and other fabrics. But more was needed to replace the profits from crape, and Tetley knew it. In July, 1904, under his prodding, Samuel Courtauld and Co, which became a public company that year, took a momentous step into the future. It paid £25,000 for the British rights to a new patented process that turned cellulose from woodpulp into "viscose", a golden yellow substance that could be spun into filaments and yarn. A plant was set up at Coventry, and by 1913 Courtaulds was the most successful pioneer in rayon manufacture, producing 3lb million a year.

Tetley had predicted in 1904 that profits might reach £20,000 a year, but by 1912 they were already over £300,000 and by 1913 the company's £5 shares had multiplied sevenfold. In 1917 Tetley became chairman of Courtaulds Ltd.

The viscose breakthrough opened up international horizons, and a US subsidiary known as American Viscose Company began production in 1911. In the Second World War this business, then the American Viscose Corporation, was the subject of a forced sale to the US Government under Lend-Lease arrangements: Courtaulds claimed £44 million from the British Treasury and was awarded £27 million.

When Tetley died in 1921 the company passed into the hands of Samuel Courtauld IV, great-nephew of the founder. He maintained the strength of Courtaulds' manufacturing through the inter-war years, but as the viscose patents expired, other companies improved on the fibre and carved new markets. Samuel IV was a pioneer collector of Impressionist paintings and endowed the Courtauld Institute of Art in the University of London.

Postwar development in Courtaulds was dominated by nylon—invented in Du Pont's laboratories in America in the late 30s and manufactured in Britain jointly by Courtaulds and ICI in a company called British Nylon Spinners—and by the rapid expansion of rayon plants, now mainly geared for industrial products like strong yarns for tyres. Another business that flourished was British Cellophane Ltd, producing viscose film for packaging. (BCL still functions within the Courtauld group, making both cellophane and the polypropylene film which is superseding the earlier technology.) British Celanese, a competitor in acetate yarn whose "Celanese" fabric won popularity in the 1930s, was taken over by Courtaulds in 1957.

Under Sir John Hanbury-Williams, successor to Samuel Courtauld IV, research yielded new products ➤➤➤

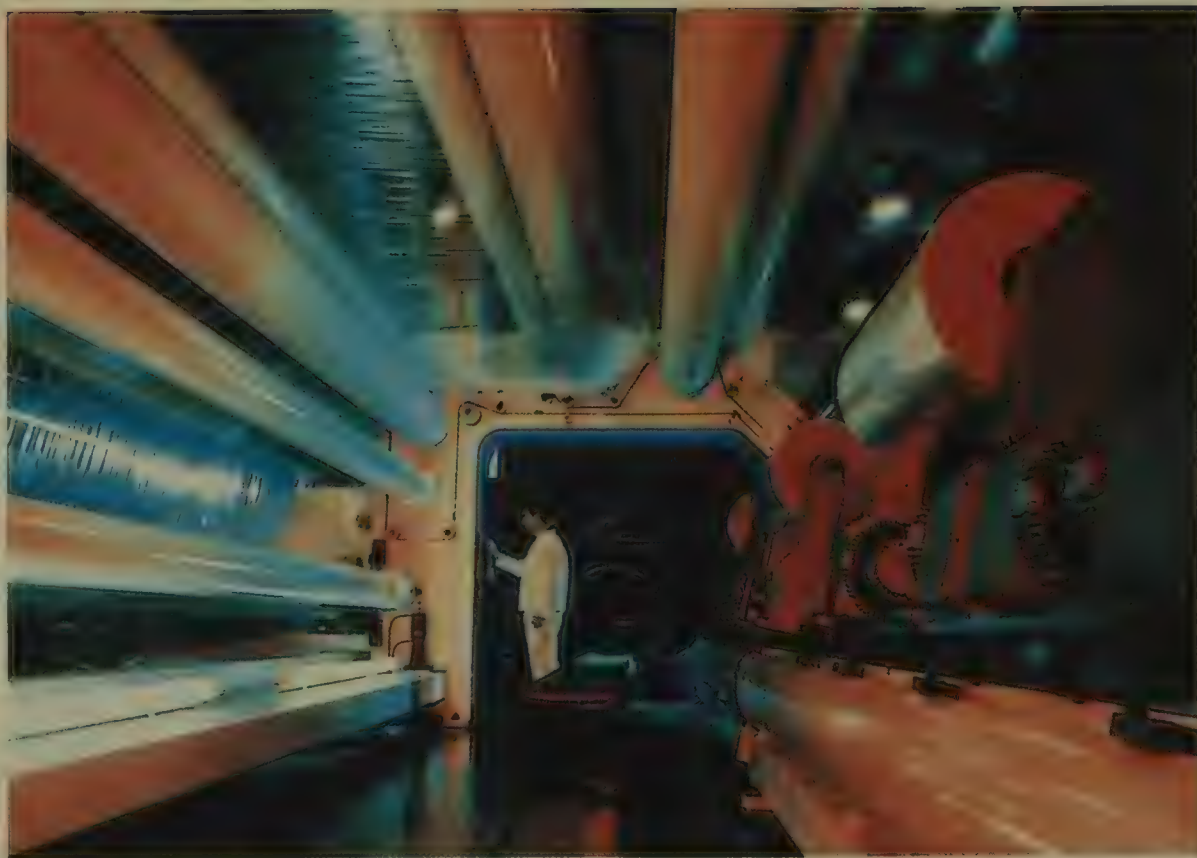
»→ with huge potential, notably Courtauld, Britain's first acrylic fibre. But at the start of the 60s a slip in profits made the company vulnerable to takeover, and a "hostile" bid was launched by its partner in nylon manufacture, ICI. The bid, the largest in British industrial history at that time, was fiercely resisted by Courtaulds and the conflict raged publicly, with acrimonious debate in Press and Parliament. Courtaulds fought off ICI's offer of shares by a combination of incentives to its shareholders, including bonus issues and dividend guarantees over the next three years. The firm's share price rose and ICI was defeated, having managed to acquire only 38 per cent of Courtaulds' equity.

Courtaulds' victory made the reputations of several of its younger directors, most notably Frank Kearton, a chemical engineer of great brilliance who had worked with ICI during the war on the development of atomic power. Kearton became chairman in 1964 and immediately began to expand the company by acquisition. Between 1962 and 1969 Courtaulds spent more than £175 million on acquisitions and £227 million on re-equipment, the bulk of it in fibres and textiles.

"He must have seen the problems, but I'm sure that to him they were merely things to be solved," recalls Dr Norman Wooding. The choice facing Courtaulds was either to go further into new businesses such as paint or petrochemicals (it owned Britain's first catalytic cracker as a result of its 1957 takeover of British Celanese), or to "go downstream" in textiles and establish a solid chain of businesses from production point to market. "We were already heavy in fibres and going heavier. The state of the British textile industry was such that unless we did something to strengthen it by going downstream, the market for our fibres would be whittled away," says Wooding. "With hindsight, maybe we were unwise to buy up so many companies that were full of problems, but most of the available companies *were* in a dodgy state."

By the time Kearton retired in 1975, concern at the vulnerable structure of the business was spreading to managers in the field. The spinning division, for example, was being pressed to produce spun yarns at unremunerative prices to feed the weaving companies and so on down the line. Everyone suspected someone else in the chain was making the profits. "In fact, nobody was," says Wooding.

Under Sir Arthur Knight, Kearton's successor, debate began in earnest on the company's future. Wooding, who had been responsible for the worldwide fibres operation, had a hard job convincing the fibres board it was time to get out of nylon. "It now looks the right thing to do, but it wasn't so obvious at the time."



Shorko's computer-controlled machine slits polypropylene film to the customer's required width at the Swindon works of British Cellophane Ltd, a branch of Courtaulds.



Colodense at Bristol, part of BCL's packaging operation, prints the films which package many well-known brands. Samuel Courtauld IV (1876-1947), whose important Impressionist collection is housed at the Courtauld Institute of Art.



Knight had begun the process of unpicking the tightly knit structure of the Kearton years, and Hogg in 1979 accelerated it, devolving those businesses with the muscle to survive and chopping out those with low margins which added only flabby bulk to the company. Plants that had been opened on a wave of optimism in the 60s and 70s, from Spennymoor, County Durham, to Carrickfergus in Northern Ireland, were closed, and jobs were halved throughout the company's 100,000-strong UK workforce. It was a time of severe stress that continued for years: as late as 1985 Hogg's resolve was sorely tested when, after all the surgery, the patient still seemed far

from recovery in the world's eyes, its price-earnings ratio down to just over five.

But he never seriously doubted that it would pull round. "I have a very high regard for the people who work here and for the resilience of the companies. I never doubted we would turn in a decent performance over time. My real worry was, would we be given time—by the shareholders and by predators?"

Hogg insisted that every unit in Courtaulds stand on its own feet and be judged in relation to its competitors in the outside world. There would no longer be any question of Courtaulds spinners selling to Courtaulds weavers and so on down the

line unless their prices were competitive in the marketplace. Other corporations like BP were also unscrambling their vertical structure and learning these painful new disciplines of standing alone in the cold winds of competition. Hogg believes his business school training helped him in sorting out his priorities and strategy.

Although the textiles business has shrunk dramatically in terms of its 1979 share of Courtaulds' activities, Hogg was clear from the beginning that it would continue to be a mainstay of the company. In his first statement as chairman he hit back at the then-fashionable view that textiles were a disaster area for Britain. Cour-

taulds, he said, had been in the business a long time and could make money out of it. Looking ahead today, he says: "Whether we'll have as much textiles business in 10 years' time as we do now I don't know, but it will be very substantial, that's for sure. There are huge opportunities to make money in textiles if you are good enough. It's one of the plumb certain growth industries—more certain even than food, I would have thought. It's the thing we know, we've been in it for a hell of a long time, and we'd be foolish not to build on our enormous range of skills and experience."

Allan Nightingale, the tall, soft-spoken chief executive of Courtaulds' Textiles Group, is a Lancashire man of 61 who has been in textiles for more than 30 years. He says, "For most of that time I've felt as though I were fighting with my back to the wall, like D'Artagnan, trying to fight off threats. I think now textiles are in the strongest state I've known... but one can't be totally confident that they will grow or survive at their present level."

Six years ago the company was showing no profitability in textiles. In 1986 operating profit for Nightingale's group was £55 million on sales of £912 million. Six or seven "key factors for success" paved the way to recovery, Nightingale explains. These included establishing good product positions with desirable customers (such as contracts with Marks & Spencer, regarded as the saviour of the British textile industry for its "buy British" stance and rigorous quality insistence); paying close attention to design; working to international productivity standards with the aid of top-flight American industrial engineers; investing (currently 4 per cent of sales revenue) in new equipment and technology; quality control programmes and a "right first time" policy propagated throughout the mills by videos, teach-ins and workshops.

Commodity textiles like sheets and shirting are desperately vulnerable to Far Eastern cheap labour, but the domestic industry has one sharp weapon: fast response to quick-changing fashion trends. In the high-street fashion business, which often now has four or five seasons a year instead of two, a properly geared-up British firm can deliver the required colour and style of garment in three weeks, against a 14- to 16-week shipping time from Hong Kong or Taiwan.

Retailers now often want to order smaller quantities of a range of colours and see which takes off with the public. "I can tell you now what the colours will be for next winter," says Nightingale, whose office building in the heart of London's "rag trade" district includes showrooms for all Courtaulds' apparel and furnishing textiles. "What I can't tell you



A British Aerospace experimental fighter incorporating Hysol Grafil's high-performance carbon and graphite fibres in its wings and fuselage.



Amtico luxury vinyl flooring, made by National Plastics, a subsidiary of Courtaulds, is used extensively in homes, shops, hotels and offices.

is which will sell best," he adds.

In the Textile Group one can see clearly how the new devolved structure of Courtaulds works. It is "loose-tight", the "loose" bit being the group's 110 profit centres, each acting entrepreneurially with complete autonomy on its product range and selling prices. The "tight" side is the requirement to work to international standards. Centrally, the group audits productivity, arranges quality programmes and helps with marketing exhibitions. It is a system that combines the flexibility of small companies with the strategic clout of a large one, and it is unusual in the international textile business.

"Very few textile companies in the

world with £1 billion of sales operate with more than 100 profit centres," says Nightingale. "Most operate with 10 or 12 and have fairly large corporate overheads. Our corporate overhead consists of only 30 people."

The fibres side, too, is looking brighter than a few years ago. Recently it picked up several million pounds' bonus from lower oil prices (though this was not automatically passed on to the textiles side, true to the independent policy-making of the businesses). There is a fibre in development codenamed "Genesis", a cellulose fibre made from wood-pulp that will be targeted initially on absorbent non-woven materials like

bandages and wiping cloths. It is expected to be in production by the end of this year and to be a major seller in the 1990s.

Fibre-reinforced plastics, combining technologies in which Courtaulds is proficient, seem a promising area for future growth. Courtaulds' old rival ICI is active in the field, whose chief market is the US aerospace industry, and it acquired a handy foothold in America with Fiberite, a supplier of epoxy resins to the aerospace companies. Courtaulds is keeping its powder dry on large acquisitions in this or any other area, though it recently paid £39.6 million for Fothergill & Harvey, a Lancashire-based manufacturer of advanced materials, engineering fabrics and electrical insulation materials. Sipko Huismans, the large, ebullient Dutchman who has just moved from running Fibres into the chairmanship of International Paint, believes the auto industry could follow aerospace in importance for advanced materials.

Huismans heads a Courtauld task force studying future developments across the company, particularly on the chemical and industrial side, and including acquisitions. With Allan Nightingale, he is also one of five directors on Hogg's new "Group Executive", a highly significant innovation that will change much of the style in which the company is run.

This committee, which in time is expected to act in a fully executive capacity on such matters as large capital investments and acquisitions, meets every fortnight to "think about, talk about and act upon matters that affect the company as a whole", as Huismans puts it. Hogg says its aim is to free top management from day-to-day operational responsibilities to focus more on the strategic development and performance of the group as a whole. More responsibility will devolve on the next level of management, and some restructuring of product boundaries can be expected.

The challenge for management down the line will test to the full Courtaulds' well-honed management development programme initiated by Hogg, which has brought business school experts in to run in-house seminars and sent potential high-fliers to study at Harvard, London Business School, Cranfield and INSEAD, the European institute of business administration based at Fontainebleau. While forming a powerful "chairman's office" at the heart of the group, it should also release the strategic talents which Hogg has endeavoured to awaken among the 60 or 70 people who effectively run Courtaulds' businesses—a culmination of the long march away from the baronial rule of the past ○

Carol Kennedy is deputy editor of *Director* magazine.

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Williams-Honda, powered by the Honda engine, captured the Formula One 1986 Constructors' Championship. This year Honda F1 engines are powering not only Williams but also Lotus, making life twice as difficult for every other team.



LONDON RENTALS



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House prices in London increased by about 25 per cent last year, which was almost double the rise for the country as a whole. June Field reports on the capital's surging property market, analyses some of the current trends and identifies some of the up-and-coming areas.

LONDON PROPERTY KEEPS GOING UP

The Chelsea Harbour development, above, off Lots Road occupies a 20 acre site with $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of river frontage. As well as 400 residential units it will have a hotel, offices and restaurants and is due for completion at the end of 1988.

Prime residential property in London has out-performed the *Financial Times* all-share index by more than 100 per cent since 1970, and in the last five years in particular has become big business. Residential development, once the poor relation of the property world, is now a high-flyer among profit-earners, and in some parts of London shows better returns than commercial development. Although estate agents in Central London reported a slow-down of business over the Christmas period, and during the New Year freeze, the investment purchasers and the real home buyers seem now to be coming back.

The investment purchaser is having a significant effect on property values. Houses and flats in Central London are being bought purely as an investment, often by the

professional who will buy several to take advantage of both capital growth and rental return, sometimes by an individual with a bit of spare cash, and sometimes by the British expatriates—particularly those in Hong Kong, Singapore and Bahrain, who are recognizing that the high salaries earned abroad are not proof against inflating property prices at home. Buying a place in London gets them on the property ladder, producing a useful income now and a home later on.

There are also the recently formed residential property funds—Henderson, Schroder, Target Life, Cannon Insurance and Criterion Insurance—who mop up the best of the units in a blue chip development, either newly-built or refurbished, and rent them out, taking on the responsibility for furnishing and

management. An investor buys units by means of insurance bonds or regular savings plans, without the hassle of actually having to look after the bricks and mortar. The letting of these properties is mainly to foreign companies wanting top-class accommodation for their key executives.

Selling houses and flats off-plan, when the site may be just a hole in the ground and no bricks have been laid, has become an accepted method of providing cash-flow for developers. "Pre-sales bring security," maintains Ian Rowberry, who runs Rosehaugh Copartnership which, through agents Hampton & Son and Philip Andrews, sold most of Crown Court, opposite the Mosque in Regent's Park, before building began, at prices between £250,000 and £500,000. At the time of writing, one two-bedroom, two-bathroom ➤➤



apartment was left, at £295,000. Wimpey's Bessborough Gardens, in Pimlico, built to a classic Thomas Cubitt Regency design, were sold virtually off the drawing-board when Chesterton's Residential began offering studio flats at £58,000. There are a few larger units at between £130,000 and £415,000.

Barratt's newly created Hurlingham Square, close to the Hurlingham Club, has had similar success at prices for freehold houses from £245,000.

Brian Lack & Co sold most of Declan Kelly's Portman Gate, in Lisson Grove, NW1—a rapidly improving area—from a model taken to Hong Kong. Expatriates and the Hong Kong Chinese snapped up studios from £65,000, and houses in the £200,000-plus brackets. Re-sales are already under way, although completion is not scheduled until the end of the year. The bonus here is a swimming-pool complex.

Last year was particularly good for Mayfair, Belgraveia and St John's Wood, where increases of between 25 and 35 per cent over the previous year were quite common. A well-refurbished apartment in Lowndes Square, Belgraveia, with four bedrooms, two bathrooms and a large living-room was sold recently at virtually its asking price of £650,000, an increase of 30 per cent on what the price would have been in 1985.

Anthony Lassman of Lassmans contends that generous entertaining areas and a large master suite are still prerequisites of residences in these parts of London, but some form of outlet is almost always expected, be it a paved patio, roof-garden or pocket handkerchief of a lawn. Period houses in fashionable streets and garden squares or overlooking a park are very much in demand, as are low-built ambassadorial type houses. A good length of lease is desirable (50 years plus is acceptable), or better still, of course, a freehold, although tenure alone does not determine price.



"Presentation" is the estate agents' current buzz-word for selling well in Central London. Imaginatively designed and decorated property in prime areas will achieve prices of over £300 per square foot. Comparable property, poorly finished, may fetch only £150 per square foot.

Edward Wood of Residential Holdings, known for the excellent presentation and finish of their converted apartments around Cranley Gardens, SW7, reports a price rise of between 20 and 25 per cent over the past few years. Last year's average figure per square foot was £324 against £262 in 1985. An imaginatively kitted-out apartment in nearby Onslow Gardens, SW7, a conversion by Fremantle Properties' Richard Collins, sold for £385,000 in October, 1985. Last autumn an identical apartment in this elegant period house sold for £535,000, a 38 per cent increase in 12 months.

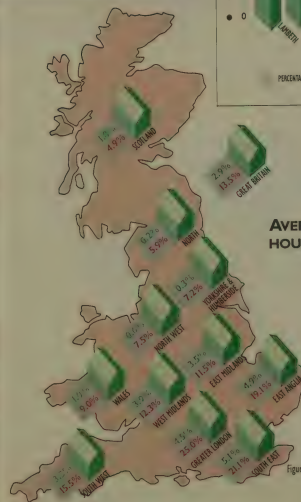
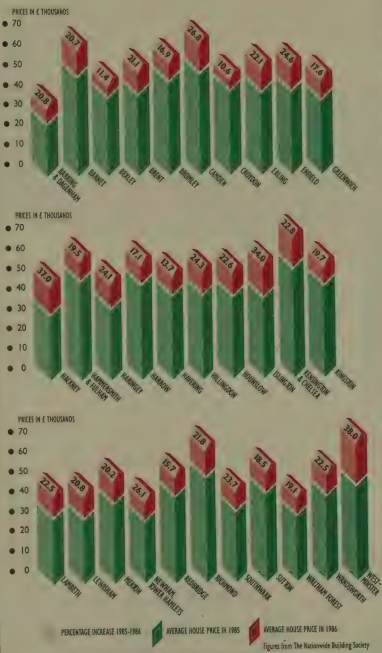
Another mark of 1986 was the pull of the river. To the east continued the boom in Docklands, where more than 3,000 units selling between £150,000 and £375,000 are on offer. Westwards the new Chelsea Harbour development was a great attraction. Built on the old British Rail site off Lots Road, SW10, Chelsea Harbour will occupy a 20 acre site

and have berths for 75 yachts as well as 400 homes. Its full address is not mentioned in the brochure, no doubt because it is still best known for its power station.

The shabbiness of Lots Road did not deter 110 mainly British buyers who within a month of the Chelsea Harbour launch in the autumn had reserved one-bedroom apartments at £140,000 and bigger ones around £350,000 to £400,000 on a "shell and core" basis, meaning that they could pick their own interior design layout. Sir Jeffrey Sterling, chairman of P&O, who, with Globe, are the developers, says that Chelsea Harbour is an opportunity "to realize the potential of one of the last prime river-front locations in Central London". The first occupations are due this spring. The agents are Savills and Hampton & Sons.

Another part of London where prices continued to scale the heights was Hampstead. A modern, three-bedroom mews house bought for £150,000 about 18 months ago sold recently for £225,000 through Anscombe & Ringland & Ronnie Talsman, who confirms that the upper end of the market has been increasing dramatically. A typical ambassadorial residence in The Bishop's Avenue, which sold for £425,000 in 1982

AVERAGE HOUSE PRICES IN LONDON BOROUGHES



Figures from the Halifax Building Society

Opposite page: bottom left, Declan Kelly's Portman Gate in Lisson Grove, to be completed at the end of the year, has already been snapped up by Hong Kong Chinese and expatriates. It has the bonus of a swimming-pool complex. Top left, Hee Development's Battersea Triangle, launched last year, whose three- to four-bedroom houses sold for £190,000-£225,000. Right, Wimpey's Bessborough Gardens, built to a classical Regency design on the site of the demolished square by Vauxhall Bridge in Pimlico.

recently fetched £835,000.

like other fashionable areas in London, Hampstead's recent increases in prices may have put it beyond many aspiring people's reach. The inevitable result is that a number of other districts with reasonable access to the centre are becoming increasingly desirable. Shepherd's Bush, where prices rose by some 20 per cent last year, and the areas between Hammersmith and Chiswick, and between Hammersmith and Fulham, have been coming up fast. Other areas where the up-and-coming are already well established include:

Battersea: Already fairly well "gentrified" by Regalian's up-grading of the old council flats near the Hellip, it gathered further stature with Waters' Morgan's Walk by Battersea Bridge at the water's edge. Popular, too, was Hee Developments' Battersea Triangle launched by Aylesford & Co last year, when three- to four-

bedroom houses sold swiftly between £190,000 and £225,000.

Clapham: On the south side of the Common, where the Liberty Cinema used to be, Liberty Mews is a new enclave of 11 apartments and 13 houses under a traditional arch. More than half the units have already been sold by Farrar Sted & Glyn, with 20 per cent going to purchasers from Hong Kong, some for renting out, and some for expatriates to live in when they return.

Hackney: Not quite yet for the carriage trade, with its high unemployment and soaring rates, the area is nevertheless an attractive proposition for builders. Star developer is Keith Preston's Kentish Homes, who created Sutton Place, an entirely new London square complete with Dutch gables, columns and period railings out of an old metal box factory in Lower Clapton. Now waste land on the sluggish river front near Clapton Common has become Water- ➔

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Top, Cumberland House in Maida Vale is a complete replica of two demolished period houses in which 15 flats will sell from around £225,000 to £400,000. Above, Sutton Place in Hackney. Created by Kentish Homes, it is an entirely new London square.

mint Quay, 107 homes in an £8 million project where the last phase of houses were being snapped up just before Christmas at what Preston admits is "the unthinkable price a year ago" of £110,995. He considers Hackney comparable to Hammersmith, but with prices still about 50 per cent below.

Islington: A high-rate borough, and London's longest-running up-and-coming area. It has been that way for 20 years, and has never quite lived down the gentrification tag it was given in the 1960s, when many of its post-Regency houses were rescued from oblivion by enterprising young married couples (the term Yuppief—young upwardly mobile professionals—had not then been invented). Two ground-floor living-rooms would be knocked into one to provide contemporary open-plan living, the attics became a nursery suite, the basement a wine cellar. Stripped pine reigned supreme. In those days £10,000 would have bought something acceptable. Now a modernized four-floor terraced house, which was £100,000-£120,000 18 months ago, will cost well over £150,000.

Maida Vale: The name commemorates the Battle of Maida in Calabria, Italy, 1806, when General Sir John Stewart defeated Napoleon. Blomfield Road is favourite here, with its views over the Regent's Canal, and more popularly known as Little Venice. Recently one of the large stucco houses fetched £750,000. Another, sold around £430,000 just over a year ago and now done up, was being resold at £885,000 by Chestertons' Little Venice office. The same agent is offering Cumberland House, on the corner of Warrington Road and Clifton Gardens. It is a replica of two demolished period houses, in which 15 flats will sell from £225,000 to £400,000.

Reports on properties on all these, and other, areas in London will be featured in future issues of the ILN. Next month: A survey of some London properties on the market for £1 million or more.

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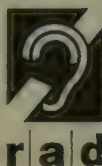
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ARCHAEOLOGY 3035

Scotland's rare Roman find

William Hanson of Glasgow University describes the Elginhaugh Project, a major excavation near Edinburgh of a Roman fort.

In April work began on one of the largest excavation projects ever to take place in Scotland. The archaeological significance of the site at Elginhaugh, situated just to the north of Dalkeith some 6 miles south-east of Edinburgh, was not recognized until 1979 when aerial photographs taken during the very dry summer revealed the line of a Roman road, the northern extension of Dere Street from York, showing as a line of parching in the grass. A possible T-junction hinted at the presence of a fort. Trial trenching by Gordon Maxwell of the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland, who was responsible for the discovery of the site, confirmed this and indicated that the fort was of first-century date. Subsequent aerial reconnaissance revealed the greener vegetation over the infilled ditches of an annexe attached to the north-west side of the fort and even the walls of a bath-house showing as parchmarks to the south-west.

The purchase by the Scottish Development Agency of the 13 acre field in which most of these remains are located for a proposed high technology development provided the opportunity to conduct large-scale area excavation funded by Historic Buildings and Monuments (Scottish Development Department). I was seconded from Glasgow University to direct the project and a large team assembled from Britain and abroad.

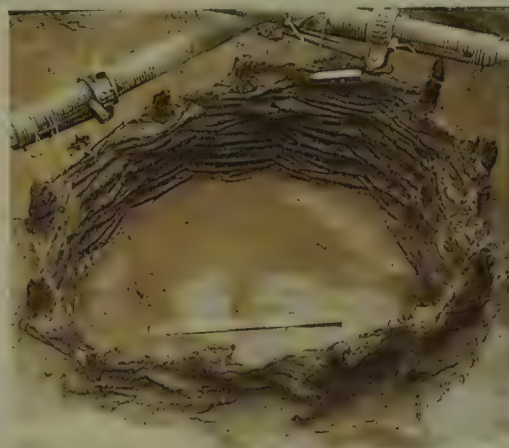
Attention was first directed to the area of the Roman fort. Just over one-third of the field was stripped of top-soil by heavy machinery revealing the outline of the fort, some 3 acres in internal area, defined by the lines of the major roads within it, some flanked by stone-lined drains. Remains of the timber internal buildings at first proved more difficult to see. After further machining and careful cleaning of the soil surface these began to appear, revealed by lines of construction trenches dug into the subsoil into which timber uprights would have been placed.

In general terms the layout of the fort followed a fairly standard pattern. The headquarters building (*principia*) was located in the centre at a T-junction where the roads from the south, east and west gates met. At the rear were a range of

offices fronted by a large hall approached through an open courtyard, defined by post-holes, in one corner of which was a timber-lined well. The larger size of all the structural elements of this building compared with others in the fort serves to emphasize its importance and may also indicate that it was more than one storey high.

To the west lay the commanding officer's house (*praetorium*), a building of Mediterranean style with ranges of rooms surrounding a central courtyard. The social division between the commander and his men is underlined not only by the greater size of his accommodation, intended to house his family and servants, but also by the provision of a private lavatory. On the other side of the *principia* were two buildings of quite distinctive form. Each consisted of a series of parallel construction trenches some 1.5 metres apart, intended to house sufficient posts to support a raised wooden floor. Additional posts, set in individual post-holes, provided further strengthening for the outer walls. Such buildings were regularly provided in Roman forts for the storage of food, particularly grain. The circulation of air beneath the granary served to keep down the temperature and thus minimize germination and fungal or insect attack.

The troops were housed in barrack buildings. These were long rectangular blocks subdivided into a series of double rooms, each pair of rooms designed to house eight men. In several cases the soil in the centre of the rear room was discoloured, probably by the heat from a hearth. More spacious accommodation was provided at one end for the officer, a centurion or decurion. Eight such blocks were situated in front and four to the rear of the central range of buildings already described. The number of barracks is rather greater than anticipated and maximum use seems to have been made of the space within the defences. The precise size and nature of the garrison remains uncertain, though the troops would certainly have been auxiliaries, not Roman citizen legionaries. No stables have yet been identified but not all of the barracks seem to have had sufficient rooms to house an infantry cohort of 80 men



Excavated site of the Roman fort, with the central main road, construction trenches and post-holes of buildings visible. Below left, outline of the annexe and fort (bottom right) before excavation. Below right, woven wattle lining of the well in the headquarters building.

structed in the governorship of Julius Agricola around AD 80 as part of the process of controlling the recently conquered area of Lowland Scotland. Finds of pottery and a few bronze coins all confirm dating to this period. Apart from occasional repairs and alterations, however, the buildings do not seem to have gone through more than one phase of construction. Occupation of the fort will certainly have ceased by the end of the first century AD and perhaps even earlier. The fort had then been deliberately demolished. The wattle and daub panels, which formed the infill between the main timber uprights of the buildings, had been collected and burnt. Much burnt daub was found, usually in localized concentrations, often in pits.

Many of these pits had been specially dug as part of the demolition process, for they cut through the construction trenches of buildings. The Roman army liked to leave a completely cleared site on evacuation to ensure nothing was left which could be used by a potentially hostile native population. Thus they dug a ditch through the roadway at the western gateway and even buried a cache of apparently unused iron nails. Other finds included a steelyard and imported pottery.

The Romans do seem to have returned to the site for the gates were rebuilt. The only traces of activity within the ramparts, however, are two small ovens, so that this second phase does not represent a complete reoccupation of the fort and may have been only short-lived.

It was originally intended to extend excavation into the annexe, for we know very little about the nature and function of these attached enclosures. The area immediately outside the fort is also potentially important for the recovery of information about direct interaction between the Roman garrison and the native population. However, the excavation of the fort cost more than anticipated and thus it was not possible to move on to the investigation of the annexe. Nonetheless, the excavation represents a major achievement for it provides for the first time in Scotland, and only the third time in the whole Roman empire, the complete plan of a Roman fort ○

rather than a double cavalry squadron (*turma*) of 64. Thus the fort could have housed either a mixed cohort of cavalry and infantry, some 600 men, or perhaps a double-sized infantry unit of 800 men.

One building in the north-east corner of the fort certainly did not fit the normal pattern for it was constructed of stone and set into the back of the rampart, both of which are most unusual features in first-century Roman forts. This probably served as a workshop, both its location and building material designed to minimize the danger of fire. For similar reasons, stone-built ovens were located in groups at the back of the rampart at various points around the perimeter of the fort. In some cases these were built partly over and, therefore, blocking the intervallum roadway which was intended to facilitate ease of access around the inside of the rampart. This further emphasizes that space within the fort was at a premium.

In addition to its turf-built ram-

part, of which very little survived, the fort was defended by a series of ditches, broken only at the gateways. Four gates were provided, one in the middle of each side of the fort, all of similar plan. Each gateway had two portals and was flanked by towers erected on six massive posts set in post-pits. Additional defence was facilitated by similar towers at the fort corners and smaller towers, set on only four posts, along the line of the rampart between each gate and corner tower.

Differential drainage across the field, resulting from the banded glacial sands and clays of the subsoil, means that parts of the site have remained permanently waterlogged. Though this can make excavation difficult, it has the advantage of preserving organic materials which normally do not survive. Thus the bottoms of some posts, particularly the large ones in the gateways and defensive towers, and the wattle lining of three wells were recovered intact. Such samples, in conjunction

with surviving pollen and other organic remains from deeper-cut features like the ditches, will provide information about the environment of the area at the time of the Roman arrival, while the retrieval of carbonized seeds from ovens and rubbish pits will allow us to make some assessment of the soldiers' diet. Fig seeds and fish bones have already been identified in preliminary analysis of samples from a cess pit.

There is no doubt that the area had long been occupied and cultivated. Pits sealed beneath part of the intervallum road on the eastern side of the fort contained pottery of probably late bronze or early iron age date, while even earlier remains, flints from the mesolithic period, were recovered from beneath the rampart on the opposite side. But at the time of the Roman arrival the site appears to have been under pasture, for a turf-line was visible beneath the rampart and roads wherever this was checked.

The fort was almost certainly con-

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MOTORING

Customizing cars

Stuart Marshall reports on the latest trends

Shakespeare wrote of painting the lily or gilding refined gold. The Americans call it customizing. However one describes it, the changing of the appearance and mechanical specification of an off-the-peg car to suit an owner's individual fancies has become big business.

Jaguars are a favourite raw material for the car customizer in Britain, especially the XJS coupé. It is hard to say why, although the very long production life of a Jaguar model may have something to do with it. Owners get slightly bored with the classic elegance and the customizers step in with a face-lift.

Guy Salmon, of Thames Ditton, has been a Jaguar dealer and an XJS specialist for many years. He says that at first sight it might seem presumptuous to try to vary the appearance of one of the world's super cars. But his company decided to do so because many clients had bought their second or third XJS. The time came when the most enthusiastic owner needed change, but was reluctant to forego effortless performance and handling.

The Jaguar XJS Jubilee was the result. The alterations are, Salmon emphasizes, purely cosmetic—"the performance and handling are of such a high standard we are convinced few will want to try to improve it"—and they are not cheap. Fitting a steel roof and boot spoiler and painting the lower half of the car in a contrasting colour costs more than £2,500. It certainly makes a Jaguar XJS HE look different and the result is not unattractive.

Add front and rear aprons and side-skirts, change the wheels, fit multi-position electric seats, twin headlights, a wood-rimmed steering wheel and a vestigial radiator grille and the cost goes up by another £5,750, representing a premium of £8,250 and boosting the price of the complete car to £34,550.

The customized-car trend affects every level, from the Mini upwards. Wheel arch extensions are cheaply bought and easily screwed on and make a Mini look sporting—to the owner, at any rate—even if funds do not stretch to include the wide wheels and fat tyres that should go with them.

A wing-type aerodynamic spoiler for attaching to the boot lid is widely favoured, too. Its function is to create a downward pressure to counteract aerodynamic lift at high speeds and thus improve stability. The Marinas and Cortinas of mature years on which one sees them stand in little need of this.

Mercedes-Benz cars are favoured by the customizers. Lowered suspensions, special wheels and ultra-low-profile tyres, colour-matched body trim and dark window glass make a big Mercedes S Type look seductively sinister if you like that kind of thing. These cosmetic changes are often accompanied by modifications to boost engine output.

Some of these changes can significantly improve performance. One of the most enjoyable drives I ever had in a Mercedes was at the wheel of a turbocharged 190E automatic that had been worked on by Janspeed Engineering of Salisbury. It had a huge amount of torque (pulling power) at moderate engine speeds and accelerated as though being shot from a catapult. Outward modifications included larger wheels and wider tyres and the near-obligatory front air dam and boot lid spoiler matching the dark maroon paintwork. I rated it a most impressive car, rather cheaper than Mercedes's own super-sporty 190E 2.3-16.

Some of the more affordable conversions of popular cars are offered by Henlys, the leading Rover Group distributors, whose Wood and Picket subsidiary has long been famed for its coachbuilt variations on the Range Rover theme. Cars as modest as the Metro, Maestro, Montego and Rover 216 are offered with a great variety of special finishes and cosmetic extras that quite change their personalities. Headlamp grilles, deep front bumpers with aerodynamic aids, colour-keyed body trim and different wheels make them stand out from the crowd.

Some of the more radical conversions of standard cars have been the estate cars and soft tops created from saloons and hatchbacks. In several cases they have been so successful they have provoked the manufacturers into adding such models to their standard ranges. The Mercedes T-Series estate cars are an example.

At the moment the easiest way to modify the appearance of a stock car is by adding on plastic mouldings and painting them to seem part of the pressed-steel body shell. But much development work is being done by major motor manufacturers on cars with stressed frames of metal or composite materials that are clad with non-load-bearing plastic panels. All one would have to do then to change the look of a car would be to buy a new set of body panels and send the old ones for recycling. That might be a practical possibility before the end of this century ○

ILN weekend visit to Chatsworth, Quarry Bank Mill and Buxton

(May 8-10, 1987)

A guided tour of Chatsworth, the palatial 17th-century Derbyshire home of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, following a talk by the Duchess, will be one of the highlights of the next *ILN* weekend, which will be centred around the spa town of Buxton, in the lovely Derbyshire Peak District. Readers will also have a unique opportunity to visit the Quarry Bank Mill, a working museum of the cotton industry, at Styal in Cheshire, with its director, David Sekers. This special *ILN* weekend will begin on the evening of Friday, May 8 at the luxury Lee Wood Hotel, a handsome and comfortably modernized Georgian building, where readers will stay. Guests will be welcomed in the evening by the Editor of the *ILN* and after dinner David Sekers will talk about Quarry Bank Mill, which was voted Museum of the Year in 1984. On Saturday morning David Sekers will accompany the group to the museum and its village. After lunch, which will be provided at Styal, there will be an opportunity to visit Buxton's unique micrarium. On Saturday evening the Duchess of Devonshire will dine with the party and talk about Chatsworth, its unrivalled art collection and antiques, and the problems of running an ancestral home which is also a popular tourist centre. There will be a private tour of Chatsworth and its gardens on the Sunday morning. *The Illustrated London News* weekend will conclude after the visit to Chatsworth, but there will be opportunities for visits to other sites in the afternoon, and the hotel will offer preferential rates for those staying on.

The total cost of the *ILN* weekend, including accommodation for two nights at the Lee Wood Hotel in Buxton, all meals from Friday dinner to Sunday breakfast, transport to the sites, entry fees etc. will be £175 per person.

To ensure a place please reserve now by filling in and returning the form as soon as possible. Confirmation of your booking will be sent at once and further details forwarded in April.



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Succumbing to Sicily's natural charm

Anne Gregg discovers unspoilt scenery and the overwhelming hospitality of the islanders

Sicily happens to be one of those places that has caught hold of my emotions as well as my imagination and explaining its underlying magic is almost as difficult as it might be for a Sicilian. In any case each person has his or her own Sicily. A troupe of conquerors and colonists from the Phoenicians to the Greeks, the Romans to the Saracens, the Normans to the Savoyards, Austrians and Bourbons have all had *their* Sicily and left their mark upon it. But this enigmatic island remains to the very core of Etna its own world, a free spirit and fascinating territory for true travellers.

Heaven knows why it has been undersold for so long. The fact that it provides such a rich marbling of cultures and some of the most spectacular relics of ancient times might be enough in itself. But it is also a living geography lesson of natural wonders with a topography that totters histrionically from an ice-capped volcano down through vineyards, olive groves and almond orchards, across folding swathes of

wheatland to a coastline of unpredictable beauty.

To sense its true spirit you have to blow with the wind a little, stray from the trodden paths. Come with me on a day in May, the kind picture-postcard photographers pray for—cloudless except for thistledown wisps at the edge of the frame. From Capo d'Orlando on the north-east coast, we zig-zag upwards into the Nebrobian mountains in the company of a Sicilian friend, driving through old hill villages that slumber precariously on rocky perches—Naso, Castell'Umberto and Vecchio.

We are heading for a *feria* (public holiday) in Tortorici. The morning is punctuated by "oohs" and "aahs", the screeching of brakes and the car groaning into reverse as we spot breathtaking views through a film of acacia blossom. At noon Tortorici materializes in a fold of the mountains, from a distance silent and secretive. Then we advance into the thick of it amid the cries of street traders and a cacophony of transistor radios fighting both the clangour of

church bells and the local band. We halt, park and pause to buy chick-peas freshly roasted over charcoal just as the shrine appears, borne aloft by a team of strong men dressed in cricket whites—but barefoot. A tiny toddler is lifted briefly on to the elaborate plasterwork to be blessed in the name of the saint. Two priests in tweed jackets hail our friend and insist on entertaining "the strangers" to a drink. A couple of bracing *eaux-de-vie* later we part like old school chums and adjourn for a delicious lunch that is a blur of fresh bread, big green olives, pasta and chicken. And at the other end of the afternoon, after a drive above the tree-line to look at Etna puffing a little white trail of smoke into the blue, we vow that it is the best day we have ever spent anywhere.

Time and time again the Sicilians prove to be overwhelmingly welcoming, so forget all those images of swarthy men toting violin cases. The *mafiosi* are undoubtedly there, but the true villains are not interested in visitors. However, I am the first to

admit that to drive at night through the back streets of Palermo or Catania you need to be hermetically sealed against petty thieves, although in 98 per cent of this hospitable island you are as safe as houses.

Some of Sicily's mysterious pull undoubtedly emanates from "the mountain", as those who live on the foothills of Etna call the insomniac volcano, mythical forge of Vulcan. To ascend and peer into its sleepless red eyes is a phenomenal experience. Secure in the care of seasoned guides, you are transported in red mini-buses to the 9,000 foot mark, then if the boffins in the observatory give the all-clear, you wade up a dune of black dust to the very edge of the largest active crater.

Nostrils inhaling sulphur and ears aquiver at the intermittent roars of the monster, you stand betwixt heaven and hell where once an ancient Greek with an over-sized ego paused in the anticipation of immortality. Empedocles jumped—and that was that. He had trudged to this



The island port of Lipari off the coast of Sicily is known for its impressive acropolis and museum.

ignominious end from a city called Akragas, the shells of whose temples still stand at Agrigento today. If you stop for a sundowner on the terrace of the sybaritic Villa Athena Hotel there, you will be stunned by the silhouettes of those magnificent old stones against the evening sky.

Equally stunning but different is the Greek theatre at Taormina whose proscenium frames a spectacular backdrop of the Bay of Naxos below where the Greeks first arrived on the island and beyond to that omnipresent mountain yet again. Sicily's best-known resort, once a favourite watering hole of the Georgian English, still oozes elegance and charm. It is impossible to spoil, for its position high on a promontory is superb. Its winding cobbled streets, *palazzi*, *piazze* and voluptuous gardens full of cypresses (donated by an expatriate Englishwoman) are an endless delight. A funicular zooms you down to beach level and there are tiny coves where shoals of fishing boats lie like colourful sardines and their latest catch sizzles tantalizingly in the restaurant kitchens.

Cefalu, half-way along the island's northern coast, is heavenly too, the nucleus of a fishing port having been developed into a super resort. But for the away-from-it-all enthusiast the seven Aeolian Islands which lie off the north-east coast are something else. Reached by ferry or swift hydrofoil across the Gulf of Milazzo, they rise sheer out of the sea. First there is cone-shaped Vulcano, a mini-Etna with a natural jacuzzi at shore level where aches and pains dissolve in the shooting, if smelly, bubbling waters. Next comes Lipari, the largest island, presenting a Dover-like impression with its white pumice cliffs and the kind of picturesque little port you dream of—a citadel with a castle above layers of bleached houses and purple bougainvillea sprouting from every crevice.

Small, friendly, family-run hotels with sea-water swimming pools and home-cooked meals abound here and you can spend your days lazily enough. When the mood takes you, hire a boat (along with a fisherman) and go exploring the weird rock formations along the coast or drive around Lipari to admire the other islands in the archipelago. That was how we met Carmello and his multitudinous family—brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles and assorted children. They invited us to join their picnic, which we did. During this they extended a further invitation to visit their home near Ucria on mainland Sicily the following Sunday.

Despite their total lack of English and our ropy Italian we managed to understand "*Domicilio, domenica*" and found their farm in the mountains. There we discovered that Carmello was the local butcher, and a barbecue to beat any at a dude ranch was soon under way. Polythene sacks of lamb chops were carted to the site to be grilled amid a whirling cloud of oregano. Home-made cheeses and delicious salami were fed to us by the kilo and big flagons of Carmello's "house" wine kept tilting into our paper cups. The children went mad gathering wildflower posies which they presented to us with endearing notes and blushing smiles. As the sun went down we warded off the wintry chill from rapidly dropping temperatures by cavorting about on spirited miniature ponies amid gales of hysterical laughter.

The guidebooks will tell you all there is to know about Sicily's rich historical mosaic but for me it is such offbeat experiences that have consolidated a lasting love affair with this captivating island.

Our Travel Editor writes: The writer's visit was arranged by Island Sun, specialists in upmarket island holidays. Wholly owned by British Island Airways they offer a wide range of hotels from the *de luxe* San Domenico Palace in Taormina to family-run pensions, as well as some self-catering accommodation. With flights from Gatwick to Catania (and Palermo) a week costs from around £190 to £745, two weeks £230 to £1,290, according to hotel, meal arrangements and departure date. Weekly flights March and April, four or five weekly May to October. Also weekly from Manchester May to October. Their "*Sicily à la Carte*" holidays provide the flight, a self-drive car, first-night accommodation and then vouchers for three/four star hotels either pre-bookable or booked as you travel. Cost ranges from around £220 upwards for a week, £360 upwards for two weeks. In addition a series of week-long art and archaeology tours by *de luxe* coach in May, June, September and October costs £349 or £399 from London.

Other companies which arrange holidays in Sicily include Citalia, Hayes & Jarvis, Serenissima, Swan Hellenic and Thomson.

For the independent traveller British Island Airways have a charter budget fare from Gatwick to Catania or Palermo from £139 to £189 return. Various other charter flights are also available. Scheduled flights by Alitalia via Milan, Rome or Naples to both Palermo and Catania. Return fares: club class, £494; economy/excursion £283 to £320.

Addresses: Italian State Tourist Office, 1 Princes Street, London W1R 8AY (408 1254). Island Sun, 82 Buckingham Gate, London SW1E 6PD (222 7452).



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ATOL 1907

Land with every cause to celebrate

David Tennant visits Thailand, whose King is 60 this year

1987, according to the tourist authorities, is "Visit Thailand Year", although it is already top of British holidaymakers' list of long-haul destinations. Celebrations throughout the year will culminate on December 5 with the 60th birthday of the much-loved King Bhumibol Adulyadej.

It is easy to understand why Thailand is so popular. Only slightly smaller than France, it has great natural beauty, a wealth of historic and artistic interest and a charming people to whom smiling seems to be second nature. The north of the country is a blend of mountains and great forests while in the vast, green central plain there are rivers, canals and rice paddies. The southern part, stretching down the long peninsula to Malaysia with the Gulf of Siam on the east and the Andaman Sea to the west is lush equatorial country with yet more rice fields, rubber and coconut plantations, innumerable fishing villages and, of particular interest to the holidaymaker, some of the best beaches in south-east Asia.

Bangkok, known to the Thais as "Krung Thep" meaning "City of Angels", is a sprawling metropolis of around four and a half million people and has the wide, silt-laden and ever-busy Chao Phya river as a main artery. Off it runs a network of *klongs* or canals which, although depleted in recent years (many are now filled-in roadways), still have an important function and are on every tourist's itinerary: the daily floating market is the most popular waterborne destination.

The first-time visitor to Bangkok will experience a culture shock, finding a profusion of magnificent temples or *wats*, signs in an unfamiliar script, roadside foodstalls selling tasty, pungent dishes that defy a culinary description and neon signs both familiar and strange. Most remarkable is the noise. The din of the traffic is different but even more deafening than in the busiest of western streets. Bangkok's highways are cluttered with a closely-knit weave of honking buses, sleek air-conditioned taxis whose drivers have a refined rapacious instinct, trucks decorated in a hundred designs and colours, *tuk-tuks* (three- or four-wheeled minicabs), *samlors* (motorized pedi-cabs) and motor-cycles with no silencers.

The *wats*, however, are oases of peace and quiet. Grandest is Wat Arun, the temple of dawn, across the river from the city centre, opulently ornate and glittering in the sunshine. The oldest, dating from the late 16th

century when Bangkok was a mere village, is Wat Po whose massive gilt Reclining Buddha is highly regarded but where pestering postcard sellers should be given short shrift. But for *real* gold call at the Wat Trimitr whose brilliant Buddha is made of 5½ tons (or so I was assured) of the precious metal.

The Grand Palace complex, a city within a city, should not be missed. And do not rush through it for the stunning beauty and ingenuity of design of its towers, pagoda-like domes, tiled roofs and weird statues have to be taken at a relaxed pace. The Throne Hall looks as if a brave attempt at copying part of Versailles had been capped by an enthusiastic Thai architect. In Wat Phra Keo, the royal chapel, is the beautiful Emerald

advertise their wares and services widely, even in the columns of otherwise sedate newspapers. You are likely to see a notice about a classical concert next to one advertising a parlour or bar. The Thais leave sexual mores to the individual.

Bangkok is not old as Asian cities go, having been founded in 1782 by King Rama I after Burmese invaders had laid waste the former capital Ayutthaya, farther upstream, whose extensive remains can be easily visited on a day excursion. That is certainly well worth doing, particularly if you travel one way by river, which is both relaxing and fascinating, giving an insight into part of the Thai way of life.

The standard of the top dozen or so hotels in Bangkok is very high

I stayed a night at the Kakata Inn, a delightful and well-run cabana resort hotel on the edge of one of the best beaches, facing west so that one could appreciate the multi-coloured sunset. Totally informal and managed by the Thai owner and his English wife, it is set in beautiful gardens, provides a choice of Thai, Chinese or European cuisine and each cabana is air-conditioned and has its own shower room. The town, with free mini-bus service, is about 20 minutes away.

From the Phang Nga Bay resort hotel on the mainland I went by motor boat to a group of islands, no more than sheer, tree-encrusted rock formations rising straight out of the sea. Lunch of a dozen varieties of fresh fish was at Panyi, a Muslim village built on stilts which looked like a film set.

I also stayed a couple of nights near the town of Krabi at a comfortable resort hotel, a complex of cabanas along a 2-mile-long beach that really looked like the tourist posters—silver sands gently sloping into turquoise waters and hardly a soul on them. An afternoon trip took us to an island that Robinson Crusoe might easily have recognized. Evening entertainment at Krabi was piped music, the crash of the Andaman Sea on the shore—and a tropical storm that put most *son et lumière* shows to shame.

Thailand is justifiably proud of never having been a colony even if it has been influenced by more powerful countries well beyond its borders. The Thais are a lively, likeable people who greatly value their personal liberty even if former governments have been heavy-handed at times. They genuinely welcome *farangs* (foreigners) and do not have the resentment towards Europeans that some of their colonial neighbours exhibit. Thailand means the "land of the free" but it could just as easily be called the "land of smiles".

Travel facts: My travel arrangements were made by Silk Cut Travel in association with Meon Travel of Petersfield. Currently they have a wide range of inclusive holidays to Thailand covering Bangkok, Phuket, Pattaya, Chiang Mai and Hua Hin. Their 15 night "Island Orient & Phuket" holiday covering Bangkok, Krabi, Phang Nga Bay, and Phuket costs between £849 and £894 with full board in the south and room only in Bangkok, flying by Thai International from London.

Addresses: Silk Cut Travel, Meon House, Petersfield, Hampshire GU32 3JN (0730 65211). Thailand Tourism Authority, 9 Stafford Street, London W1X 3FE (499 7679).



Temple worship in the fabulous Grand Palace complex of Bangkok.

Buddha which is hewn out of a form of jasper. I was surprised, however, to find that it was quite small, no more than 2 feet high.

The Thai silk industry was put on a sure commercial basis in the 1950s and early 60s by an American, Jim Thompson, who fell in love with Thailand and created an exquisite home by one of the *klongs*. He vanished mysteriously some 20 years ago but his home, filled with his collection of Thai art, has been kept intact and is open to the public. Having met him on my first visit there in 1966, I found it strangely moving to wander through the house again, half expecting him to appear. It should not be missed—and the silk shop which bears his name in the city centre is *the* place to buy this exquisite material.

Bangkok's red-light district is notorious worldwide and is indeed a tourist attraction. The euphemistically named "massage parlours"

indeed, particularly in the service. I stayed in the President and the new Shangri-La (quite splendid and with an appealing riverside location), had a delicious dinner in the "Spice Market" restaurant of the Regent and a cocktail in the Oriental, considered by many travellers to be the best hotel in the east, if not in the world.

It takes just over an hour to fly south by Thai Airways Airbus to the island of Phuket just off the west coast of the peninsula. Until a bridge was built and the tiny airfield was expanded to take large jets, this used to be a fairly remote part of the country—20 years ago it was an "escapists' paradise". It is still beautiful with miles of superb beaches and an interior which in spite of tin-mining remains almost unspoiled. The town of Phuket is ordinary but well supplied with shops, bars, restaurants and supermarkets that would not look out of place in many western medium-sized towns.

Why take 2hrs to go to Glasgow when you could take all night?



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flat out to Glasgow.

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Which means going to bed before the children.

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On request, your steward scuttles off and produces a sleep-inducing whisky and soda.

He asks you when you'd like to be woken, then bids you good night.

The train sets off. You go to bed and perhaps read for a while.

You note that there is still something oddly romantic about going to bed on a train, speeding through the night.

You are rocked to sleep.

Four feet beneath your bed England rolls past. Scotland rolls in.

In the morning you are woken by a tap on the door. Your steward enters with tea and biscuits, and informs you that you have arrived. (Actually you arrived a lot earlier, but he had the courtesy not to waken you with the tidings.)

You rise, have a leisurely wash, dress, then stroll off for breakfast.

So you reach your meeting with a rather better chance of convincing the world that you are Mister Dynamism (or indeed Ms. Dynamism).

Doesn't it seem a little misguided to make travelling a chore when it can be a pleasure?

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REVIEWS

CINEMA

Return of Newman's hustler

BY GEORGE PERRY

Robert Rossen's *The Hustler*, from a novel by Walter Tevis, was one of the better films of 1961. It was a dark study of mid-West lowlife, with Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson, a young pool player, George C. Scott as his manipulative manager, Jackie Gleason as Minnesota Fats, the legendary performer whom Eddie must beat, and Piper Laurie as a sad alcoholic girl who kills herself when Eddie rejects her. He goes on to beat Fats and then walks angrily out of the film and the game.

Fast Eddie has returned, 25 years later. Tevis wrote a sequel to his original book and called it *The Color of Money*. The title, but little else, has been retained in Martin Scorsese's new film, scripted by Richard Price, which opens in London on March 6. The development of the character over 25 years is completely plausible however, particularly since the role remains firmly in the hands of Paul Newman.

In the film *The Color of Money* he is a liquor salesman, peddling his wares around the club circuit, his Cadillac and well-tailored suits evidence that he deals only in the best merchandise. He has stayed true to his vow to quit playing and casts a cynical eye over those who do. Then he spots a young nine-ball pool player, Vincent, a self-confident youth of the 1980s who lives around the table, swinging his cue like a kung fu weapon.

Vincent, played by Tom Cruise, has a quality that Eddie recognizes from his own past, and so he becomes the stakehorse, or backer, performing the same role, although not as brutally, as George C. Scott in the earlier film. He has to teach his protégé that in order to win it is first necessary to lose, no matter how hard it goes against the grain. Vincent's girlfriend, nicely played by Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, assists the progress of his education, being much wiser and more experienced in the world than he is.

As a trio they take to the road, re-



Paul Newman and Tom Cruise consider tactics in *The Color of Money*, opening in London's West End on March 6.

visiting the smoky dens of Eddie's youth, not all of which have stayed in business, and prepare for a big nine-ball championship with high stakes in Atlantic City. Then Eddie takes to the cue again, delivering what may well become a classic last line: "Hey! I'm back!"

Scorsese, using Michael Ballhaus, Fassbinder's cinematographer, produces breathtaking images of play. In slow motion a cue smacks into a ball sending up a filmy cloud of chalk. The camera travels with a ball as it shoots into a pocket. A vivid montage of speeded-up shots fills the screen with a cannonade of the bright nine-ball balls, exploding in all directions. There is a stunning crane shot looking down on the 40 waiting tables in the Atlantic City tournament hall, their aquamarine cloths giving them the appearance of miniature swimming pools. The camera then swoops down to finish the shot on a close-up of the back of Newman's head as he contemplates the combat arena.

The Color of Money is glitzier, pacier, wittier and less downbeat than its distinguished predecessor. There is nothing to match Piper Laurie's suicide or the horrifying scene in which Eddie has his hands broken after hustling too obviously.

Nevertheless Scorsese, well-served by an excellent cast and particularly by Paul Newman's thoughtful study, has given us a sequel capable of being judged entirely on its own considerable merits.

The period setting of Rob Reiner's evocative *Stand By Me* (showing in London from March 13) is Oregon in the Pacific northwest, in 1959. The narrator, Richard Dreyfuss as a novelist at his word processor, introduces us to what is in effect a childhood anecdote in which he and three friends, perched on the brink of adolescence, make a long hike into the woods to look for the body of a schoolmate who has been killed by a train. Each boy has a strongly defined character and in the course of their journey, which is studded with various adventures, they all learn something important about themselves.

Reiner, with his screenwriters, Raynold Gideon and Bruce A. Evans, avoids sentimental lapses and extracts fine performances from the boys: Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Corey Feldman and Jerry O'Connell, and from Kiefer Sutherland as the leader of a gang of teenage toughs who are bested by the quartet.

The source of the story is a novella by Stephen King, one of his non-horror yarns. This subtle account of the relationships of childhood has been turned into a satisfying film. *The Hustler is revived at London's ICA cinema this month.*

THEATRE

Molière without much substance

BY J. C. TREWIN

A few plays apart, Molière in the English theatre can be curiously faint. He is apt to move round a single idea, and surprisingly few of his translators or adapters—Miles Malleon was a splendid exception—have done a great deal to fortify him.

Di Trevis, who now directs *School for Wives* (*L'Ecole des Femmes*) at the Lyttelton for her new National company, has chosen a text by Robert David MacDonald: currently he seems to be the stage's translator-in-chief and he can certainly be acute and resourceful. But here, cunningly though he develops his rhymes, they can get in the way too often, not through want of ingenuity but because—it is an old story—our attention can be distracted while waiting for the rhyming word.

It is the tale of an obsession, of the obstinate and dogmatic guardian Arnolphe, who is resolved to train up a girl, kept in careful seclusion, to be the type of wife he wants, modest,

virtuous and ignorant. We cannot imagine that Agnes will not find a young lover, so the single-minded narrative is principally about Arnolphe's rage at the appearance of Horace, and the flittings of poor Agnes between the two of them. Not, maybe, "poor" Agnes: she is able to look after herself.

At the last, in a historian's comfortable phrase, "by a sudden turn of the plot, Agnes is made free to marry her Horace". Miss Trevis (who has preferred a rather muddling country set to Molière's Paris) has made all she can of the "sudden turn", endeavouring there, as earlier, to animate the piece and to provide an agreeably symbolic-pictorial end. Yet, though it comes off reasonably well, this is not a night of particular substance. A lot must rest upon the vigour of David Ryall's Arnolphe, who is on stage most of the time, and Julia Ford's Agnes—especially during the Maxims scene—in their loyalty to Molière. Roger Lloyd Pack enjoys one sententious harangue. For all that, there is, more than once, a lurking sense of strain.

Molière might have been puzzled by affairs in *Holiday*, the American comedy (about a different kind of obsession) running until February 28 at the Old Vic. Some people have been puzzled, too, by Lindsay Anderson's decision to direct it.

Philip Barry wrote the play in 1928. He was a tireless dramatist ready to discuss the social scenes of New York in his time. Characters are from the level—if that is the word—exposed recently in the Old Vic revival of Clare Boothe Luce's *The Women*; but Barry did not seek to be satirically blistering.

We are conscious, in a millionaire-banker's mansion, of what farceurs have called, disrespectfully, tons of money. Trouble begins when a young lawyer, in love with the elder daughter of the house, suggests that he is not concerned with wealth and its accompaniments. All he desires (despite his business brain) is to

escape for a few years from what it might be impertinent to call a rat-race. It is hard to work up sympathy for his independence, though at least he will escape from his money-proud fiancée who steadily deteriorates through the night. At curtain-fall her younger and more likeable sister is in quest of Johnny: he should be fortunate.

An artificial business, yet somehow the narrative can keep us guessing: we can understand Lindsay Anderson's interest in a period piece. The agonizing moments—totally impossible to save—are in the grimly facetious small-talk of family friends. The principals are managed understandingly by Malcolm McDowell (Johnny), Cherie Lunghi (little rich girl), Mary Steenburgen in a most taking performance of the sister and, especially, Frank Grimes as an alcoholic brother doomed to the gilded cage.

OPERA

A palpable hit and a near miss

BY MARGARET DAVIES

After the disasters and disappointments of recent seasons, it is particularly satisfying to be able to welcome the Royal Opera's new production of *Otello* and look forward to its return in April when other singers take over from the starry cast assembled for the opening. It was the same cast as that employed by Zeffirelli in his recent film—Domingo, Ricciarelli, Diaz—but the two versions are poles apart. Where Zeffirelli exploited the scope of the cinema to present an *Otello* that was very much his own creation, Elijah Moshinsky has provided Covent Garden with a swift-moving, handsome staging that focuses securely on Verdi's opera.

Scenery and costumes, designed respectively by Timothy O'Brien and Peter J. Hall, both inspired by Veronese, are richly styled and coloured. A framework of pillars and a vista of balconies add height and depth to the stage and form a permanent background, easily converted from exterior to interior by means of backcloths. There is only one interval—an advantage in maintaining the dramatic tension which is pitched high when the curtain rises.

A storm rages at sea, mist swirls around the port, whose entrance is guarded by a huge cannon and watch tower, on top of which Iago is perched, and the anxious Cypriots mill around awaiting the return of *Otello*. A threat of violence is in the air; it breaks out into ugly reality with



ZOE DOMING

the fight between Montano and Cassio, and the ensuing mêlée leaves the stage strewn with corpses.

Otello himself, from the moment he steps across the bridge over the footlights on to the stage, radiates a pent-up force of anger which starts to erupt when he quells the mob. Domingo's performance, already impressive seven years ago, is now perfectly tuned to every musical and dramatic nuance of the role, and the carefully controlled disintegration under the effect of Iago's insidious poison is painful to watch. His only vocal problem seemed to be in the production of the soft, high notes in the love duet, though it was performed by both singers with rapturous tenderness. The radiant power and purity of Katia Ricciarelli's singing make her Desdemona equally definitive. Her exquisitely soft "Ave Maria" stilled the audience who hardly dared breathe, let alone cough or sneeze. Justino Diaz has the voice and looks to make a compelling Iago but, while the restraint of his acting is commendable, such a casual account of the "Credo"—the key to Iago's villainy—blurs the character's motivation.

There was no blurring of effects from the orchestra under the discipline of Carlos Kleiber, who obtained a performance of heightened dramatic intensity embellished by a wealth of finely-tuned instrumental detail.

Plácido Domingo in the title role of Verdi's *Otello* at Covent Garden.

In his new production of *Tosca* for English National Opera, Jonathan Miller has attempted another of his up-dates—justly famous in the case of *Rigoletto*—but which does not quite come off where Puccini's melodrama is concerned. The fault lies mainly with the designer Stefanos Lazaridis who, latching on to the period, 1944, when Rome was under Fascist rule, offers a bomb-damaged shell of a building with leaning verticals for all three acts, ignoring Puccini's highly specific locations in church, palace and prison.

The middle act works best: a vast black desk with chrome fittings and a wall-map of Rome dominate Scarpia's office, and the police chief himself has the greased-down hair and thin moustache of a 40s film star. Neil Howlett acts and sings the part rather well, though crawling at Tosca's feet seems out of character. Josephine Barstow is totally involved as the heroine: passionate and anguished, she sings with the maximum expression while maintaining a smooth vocal line. But her drab grey day clothes hardly suggest a *prima donna* even in wartime Italy. Eduardo Alvares as Cavaradossi, recovering from an accident during rehearsals, showed promise of a more polished performance than he delivered at the première.



DAVID RYALL

David Ryall as Arnolphe in Molière's *School For Wives*.

Labyrinthine intrigue at the Vatican

BY ROBERT BLAKE

Britain and the Vatican during the Second World War

by Owen Chadwick
Cambridge, £25

This is one of the most interesting books so far written about the Second World War, a fascinating study of the role of Sir d'Arcy Osborne, the British Minister at the Holy See from 1936 to 1947. It is, of course, much more than a biographical study of an individual. It is a scholarly and highly readable account of the dilemmas and problems which faced Pope Pius XII, the former Cardinal Pacelli, and his high officials, Cardinals Maglioni, Tardini and Montini (later to be Pope himself).

Owen Chadwick is one of the great historians of our day. He has exhaustively examined all the major sources in Britain, Italy, France and Germany. He is not only an assiduous researcher, he is also a brilliant and succinct writer. The book is based on the Ford Lectures on English History delivered in Oxford in 1981.

For many years Pope Pius XII had a rather hazy reputation of being on the side of the Axis powers. This myth was put into sharper focus by Rolf Hochhuth's notorious drama of "faction" in 1963. *Der Stellvertreter*, which depicted the Pope as a cowardly time-server, secretly pro-Nazi and unforgivably silent about the Jews. "Faction" has much to answer for as a genre, for instance the worthless drivel purveyed by the

BBC in *The Monocled Mutineer*. Owen Chadwick effectively blows up Hochhuth. He is too dignified to deal with him directly but he quotes at the end of his book a letter to *The Times* by Osborne, then 77 with little longer to live, commenting on the play. The Pope, he wrote: "was the most warmly humane, kind, generous, sympathetic (and incidentally saintly) character that it has been my privilege to meet in a long life... But what could he effectively do? ... I feel sure that Pope Pius XII has been grossly misjudged in Herr Hochhuth's drama."

The Pope's policy and pronouncements were severely restricted. Under the Lateran Treaty of 1929 with Italy, which recognized the Vatican as a separate neutral state, he could not interfere in Italian politics and, after Italy's entry into the war on Hitler's side, it was very difficult for him to denounce German aggression without denouncing Italian aggression too. There was a further problem. At the height of his power, Hitler ruled 100 million Catholics of whom 30 million were German. What might happen to them if the Pope came out with specific condemnation of Nazi policy?

Then came the question of Russia. Ever since the revolution the Communists had bitterly denounced the papacy and all religious institutions. The Italian Communists were militantly atheistic and anti-clerical. In Spain, Mexico and elsewhere the

Communists had led the field in the extermination of nuns, priests and bishops. The Axis powers therefore expected the Pope to support the German invasion of Russia as a crusade. The Pope was not prepared to do so. He was as well aware of Russian brutality in occupied Poland as German horrors against the Jews and others. He did indeed denounce racial atrocities but always in general, not specific, terms. To the end he believed that his condemnation of the German slaughter of the Jews was by inference clear to anyone who could read. The notion that he had any sympathy with Hitler or Mussolini is palpably false, but the Vatican sees history differently from any ordinary state. As Osborne wrote to Sir Oliver Harvey in 1947, the Pope and his advisers "reckon in centuries and plan for eternity and this inevitably renders their policy inscrutable, confusing, and on occasion reprehensible to practical and time-conditioned minds".

The story of the intrigues, subterfuges and discomforts which this shrewd and honourable diplomat had to support and endure is absorbing. From April, 1941 onwards Osborne knew that his ciphers were being read by the Italian Intelligence Service until he obtained new ones in 1943. It was British policy to keep the Vatican as an independent neutral state, threatened though it was by the Italian and later by the German authorities. Osborne's dis-

patches to London had to be written with this in mind. The more pro-Fascist he could make the Vatican appear, the less the danger of anti-Papal action by Mussolini. On the other hand the Foreign Office, already anti-Vatican, might gain a wrong impression and write off the Papacy as a hostile force.

The tale of these convolutions is worthy of the best spy story and it is told by the author with admirable clarity and dry humour. It is a nice touch that Osborne's footman was a spy, and when dismissed asked his master for a reference. It was a chaotic and mad world especially after the German occupation of Rome. The German ambassador was overwhelmed with informers and information. "In the Vatican," he is supposed to have said, "anyone who knows anything says nothing, anyone who tells you anything knows nothing." Osborne would have agreed.

He threaded his way skilfully, wearily and sceptically through this extraordinary labyrinth. Yet it fascinated him so much that when freed he was the last of the diplomatic prisoners of the Vatican to leave. He lived in Rome for the rest of his days, succeeding as the 12th and last Duke of Leeds only a few months before he died. He lamented that he had not seen such money earlier in his life. This is a strange tale wonderfully told by a master of the art of writing history.

RECENT FICTION

A woman's life odyssey

BY HARRIET WAUGH

Staring at the Sun

by Julian Barnes
Jonathan Cape, £9.95

My First Loves

by Ivan Klima
Chatto & Windus, £9.95

The View from Mount Dog

by James Hamilton Paterson
Macmillan, £10.95

Julian Barnes has written a reflective novel about a quiet, ordinary, ill-at-ease woman whose life is startled by one single image into something subtly different. She dares more, thinks more and takes control of her

life in a manner that belies her education, intelligence, passivity and social status. None of the things that happen to her are out of the ordinary. The only major decision of her life—that of leaving her husband—is taken after being married for 20 years. The skill of the novel lies in the way Julian Barnes succeeds in compelling interest in such an essentially dim character. The first section, which charts Jean Sergeant's childhood, young adulthood and, as a young bride, the lack of promise in her marriage, is so strongly presented that it carries the reader through the static philosophical odyssey that she undergoes.

Jean is an only child who brings an almost fey incomprehension to the outside world. Her father is a grocer and conventional to a fault. Julian Barnes wastes little time on him or his wife. Glamour for Jean means her uncle Leslie, and most of her puzzlements are to do with him. Since nothing in life changes much, these become reflections of the later

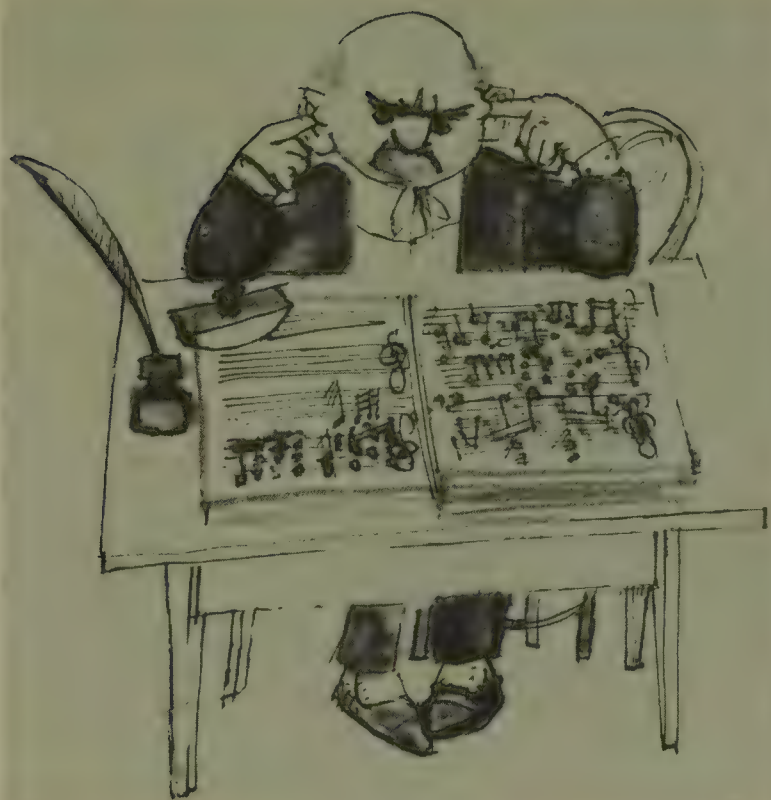
puzzlements of adulthood.

The novel opens some years before the Second World War. Jean is aged seven and Uncle Leslie gives her some hyacinth bulbs in a pot which she is to keep all winter in the airing cupboard until spring. When spring comes and they are unwrapped they turn out to be golf tees. Uncle Leslie is that now obsolete being, "a card", although a rather unsuccessful one. Lacking integrity, honesty and valour he lives by optimism and his wits. He plays golf, referring to the clubhouse bar as "the old green heaven". When off for a drink he says, "just going to wash behind the old ear-pieces". He tells Jean that "old Musso might be an old Eytie but he knew which way the paper folded" and, most important, he teaches her to scream. Very occasionally they go into a field by the golf course and scream until they both fall to the earth. You could say that Uncle Leslie steals the novel.

The image that startles Jean Sergeant into becoming something

more than a village housewife to a man whom she never really knows or understands comes to her second-hand. Jean is 17 when the war breaks out. A taciturn airforce pilot called Jimmy Prosser is billeted on her family. He tells her of an ordinary, everyday miracle that he experienced once when flying: he saw the sun rise twice. This image haunts Jean and becomes the seed out of which her sturdy intellectual flowering in middle age draws its strength.

The first part ends with Jean's marital sexual initiation. It is summed up like this: "... Jean felt that now she knew all the secrets; all the secrets of life. There was a dark, warm cupboard; she had taken out something heavy, wrapped in brown paper... She could carefully and seriously unwrap the paper. She knew what she would find. Four slim ochre points. Golf tees. What else would you expect? Only a child would expect them to sprout. Grown-ups knew that golf tees never sprouted." With this the



The Composer, 1954.

André François (Internos Books, £28) is a joy, assembling 232 of the finest cartoons—as above—illustrations, paintings and sculptures by the Hungarian-born master of many crafts.

charm of the novel dies and the lesson begins. Luckily this first section engages so completely that it carries you along for the rest of the novel, including some not very instructive sight-seeing.

I was too aware of Julian Barnes's use of Jean to make a statement about how a person's inner life can triumph and develop while the outer semblance of that life remains largely unchanged. I am not sure that Jean quite survives the treatment. But I was glad to have read it. Julian Barnes never fails to be intellectually stimulating.

I come new to the work of the Czech writer Ivan Klima who, on the evidence of this book *My First Loves*, is inexplicably banned in his own country. *My First Loves* are four stories bound together by a common narrator. Politics, as in ordinary life, impinge only to be submerged beneath the emotional concerns currently obsessing the hero. So in the first story, set in the ghetto during the war, the hero, a boy, is unexpectedly given extra food by an older girl doling it out. This favour inflames his imagination and he falls immediately and violently in love with her. An enigmatic, unspoken courtship lasts for some days. When it ends with the withdrawal of her singular favour, he is shattered. Each story of disillusioned and unfulfilled love brings the reader forward to a different stage in the hero's life. Mr Klima has given us an engaging hero and each story of impossible love is enthralling. He writes beautifully and

is exceptionally well served by his translator, Ewald Osers. I am delighted to have been introduced to him even at this late date. First-class short stories are few and far between, and Mr Klima writes them.

I had more difficulty in appreciating James Hamilton's book of short stories *The View from Mount Dog*. This is not because he writes badly—he does not—or tells dull stories, but because his humour is not, on the whole, my humour. Too many of the stories, for my taste, are set in make-believe countries of vaguely South American or eastern flavour and tell political fables in the manner of *The Emperor Who Had No Clothes*. There is a humorously whimsical air about most of these that I found trying. However, when he enters the realms of believable characters and action he can be very gripping. *The Compressor*, which tells of a man's gradual and nearly lethal engagement in the pleasure and terror of deep-sea fishing off coral reefs somewhere in the South Indies, is very good indeed. As is one of his fantastical stories, *Carney Palefox*, about a middle-aged television scriptwriter who discovers, when running for a bus, that he possesses unnatural powers of athletic ability which he uses to humorous and lethal effect. This is hugely enjoyable. It works because its surreal humour is anchored in a reality shared by the reader. There are other stories equally as good, but overall they do not give quite the same pleasure as Ivan Klima's *My First Loves*.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 (2) **Whirlwind** by James Clavell
Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95
Another of his gutsy Asian sagas.
- 2 (1) **Yes, Prime Minister** by Jonathan Lynn and Anthony Jay
BBC, £8.95
Yes, *Minister* one rung up, and as amusing and telling.
- 3 (3) **The Old Devils** by Kingsley Amis
Hutchinson, £9.95
It may be about the elderly by an older writer but all the Amis fizz is still there. It deserved to win last year's Booker Prize.
- 4 (4) **Bolt** by Dick Francis
Michael Joseph, £9.95
A somewhat muddled plot prevents it from being vintage Francis.
- 5 (5) **A Matter of Honour** by Jeffrey Archer
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
Even Hermann Göring gets a part.
- 6 (6) **Night of the Fox** by Jack Higgins
Collins, £9.95
Exciting tale of Nazi-occupied Jersey.
- 7 (8) **The Panic of '89** by Paul Erdman
André Deutsch, £9.95
Makes *The Crash of '79* a minor drop in the stock market by comparison.
- 8 (10) **A Perfect Spy** by John le Carré
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
The master uses his own father as model.
- 9 (—) **Lake Wobegon Days** by Garrison Keillor
Faber & Faber, £9.95
Beguiling story of a small American town told with compelling sincerity.
- 10 (—) **It** by Stephen King
Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95
A real shudder-maker!

HARDBACK, NON-FICTION

- 1 (1) **Domesday: A Search for the Roots of England** by Michael Wood
BBC, £12.95
The book of the television series that really adds to it.
- 2 (2) **Catwatching** by Desmond Morris
Jonathan Cape, £4.95
The master of human behaviour turns to cats.
- 3 **Guinness Book of Records 1987** edited by Alan Russell
Guinness Books, £7.95
- 4 (6) **Between the Woods and the Water** by Patrick Leigh Fermor
John Murray, £13.95
Marvellously-written, gentle travel book.
- 5 (7) **Dogwatching** by Desmond Morris
Jonathan Cape, £4.95
- 6 (5) **His Way: The Unauthorised Biography of Frank Sinatra** by Kitty Kelley
Bantam Press, £12.95
Claims to be full of startling revelations.
- 7 (8) **A Walk with a White Bushman** by Laurens van der Post
Chatto & Windus, £12.95
Splendid, ruminative, philosophical meander.
- 8 (—) **The Cat's Whiskers** by Beryl Reid
Ebury Press, £7.95
Delicious, funny and cheeky.
- 9 (9) **The Story of English** by Robert McCrum, William Cran and Robert MacNeil
BBC/Faber & Faber, £14.95
The book of the television series and patchy in quality.
- 10 (—) **Football is a Funny Game** by Jimmy Greaves and Ian St John
Stanley Paul, £7.95

PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (1) **London Match** by Len Deighton
Grafton, £2.95
Part three of a Cold War saga.
- 2 (2) **A Taste for Death** by P. D. James
Faber & Faber, £5.95
Clever and exciting forensic fiction.
- 3 (3) **A Maggot** by John Fowles
Pan, £3.50
The latest novel by a master writer.
- 4 (—) **Break In** by Dick Francis
Pan, £2.95
Another exciting thriller.
- 5 (—) **Live Flesh** by Ruth Rendell
Arrow, £2.75
Psychological murder mystery of great expertise.
- 6 (—) **North and South** by John Jakes
Fontana, £2.95
Book of the television serial.
- 7 (7) **The Tenth Man** by Graham Greene
Penguin, £1.95
Not vintage Greene, but very readable.
- 8 (4) **Secrets** by Danielle Steel
Sphere, £2.95
Real lives of actors in a television series.
- 9 (6) **Hawksmoor** by Peter Ackroyd
Abacus, £3.95
Brilliant novel entwining past and present.
- 10 (—) **The Name of the Rose** by Umberto Eco
Picador, £3.95
Extraordinarily clever and knowledgeable thriller set in medieval times.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (1) **Is That It?** by Bob Geldof
Penguin, £3.95
Frank, fighting life story of a pop star who became a world leader in fund-raising.
- 2 (5) **Falling Towards England** by Clive James
Picador, £3.50
- 3 (4) **The Lavishly Tooled Smith and Jones Instant Coffee Table Book** by Mel Smith & Griff Rhys Jones
Fontana, £3.95
- 4 (3) **Where have all the Bullets Gone?** by Spike Milligan
Penguin, £2.50
- 5 (7) **How Was It For You?** by Maureen Lipman
Futura, £2.50
The comedienne's amusing autobiography.
- 6 (2) **The Utterly, Utterly Merry Comic Relief Christmas Book** by Douglas Adams *et al*
Fontana, £3.95
- 7 (8) **Wicked Willie's Guide to Women** by Gray Joliffe and Peter Mayle
Pan, £3.95
- 8 (6) **How to be a Complete Bastard** by Adrian Edmondson, Mark Leigh and Mike Lepine
Virgin Books, £3.95
- 9 (—) **Their Trade is Treachery** by Chapman Pincher
New English Library, £1.75
The pre-Wright low-down on the big traitors.
- 10 (—) **Goddess** by Anthony Summers
Sphere, £3.95
Claims to reveal the secret life of Marilyn Monroe.

Brackets show last month's position.
Information from Book Trust.
Comments by Martyn Goff.

A VAN GOGH GOES FOR GOLD

This edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game comprises four objects coming up for sale in March at Christie's. They are van Gogh's *Sunflowers*, a Kakiemon jar in perfect condition, an 18th-century enamel plaque of a macaw, and a gold-mounted riding whip presented to Alice Keppel by King Edward VII. Readers are invited to match their estimates of the prices that these may fetch with those of a panel of experts drawn from the three London salerooms taking part: Christie's, Bonhams and Phillips, and chaired by the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*.

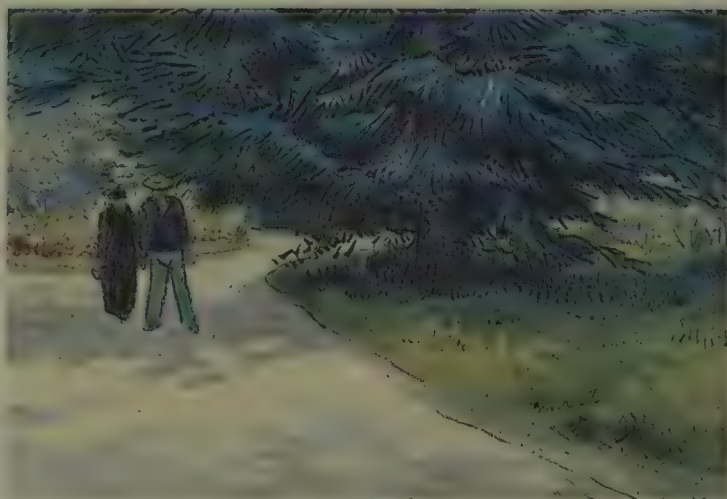
From Arles in August, 1888, Vincent van Gogh wrote to his brother Theo, a picture dealer, that he was "painting with the enthusiasm of a Marseillais eating bouillabaisse, which will not surprise you, since it is all about painting large sunflowers". The seven sunflower paintings which resulted have become among the most famous and emblematic images of the art of the past 100 years. It is therefore not surprising that the example being sold at Christie's on March 30 is expected to break all auction records for any form of work of art. Speculation about the eventual price has ranged as high as £12 million. The painting comes from the famous collection of Sir Alfred Chester Beatty, the mining engineer and philanthropist; it has been hanging latterly in the National Gallery in London, and is being sold by the executors of the late Mrs Helen Beatty, widow of Sir Alfred's son, also called Alfred.

To become the most expensive object ever sold, *Sunflowers* has to fetch more than the \$10,449,000 paid for Mantegna's *Adoration of the Magi* at Christie's in London in 1985. In fact the price for that in pounds sterling, £8,100,000, was exceeded owing to fluctuations in the exchange rate by the \$9,900,000 (£8,181,817) paid for van Gogh's *Paysage au Soleil Levant* at Sotheby's in New York a few days later. Four other van Goghs have fetched more than £1 million since 1981, including *Le Jardin du Poète*, above right. Of van Gogh's seven *Sunflowers*, four are in museums, one was lost in the Second World War, one is privately owned. The Beatty picture is the largest, arguably the finest and is destined to be much the most famous.

£1,000 for Surrey reader

The January auction was won by Mrs D. Wooding of Reigate in Surrey. She will receive a £1,000 voucher from Bonhams for coming closest to the aggregate for the four items estimated by the *ILN* panel. Her estimate for the total was £6,005, £5 within the panel's aggregate of £6,010, which was made up as follows:

- A Charles Gregory watercolour £1,170
- B Florentine picture frame £390
- C Regency commode £1,450
- D Lambeth delft-charger £3,000



Left, *Le Jardin du Poète*, October, 1888, by Vincent van Gogh, sold by Christie's in New York for \$5,200,000 (£2,270,742) in May, 1980, then a record for any 19th- or 20th-century work of art.

A Sunflowers

Les Tournesols (Sunflowers) by Vincent van Gogh, 1889, oil on canvas, 39½ × 30¼ inches. In a sale on March 30 at 6.30pm. (Viewing Mar 24-27, 9am-4.30pm, 29, 2-4.45pm, 30 9am-1pm.) Christie's estimate: In excess of £7.7 million.



LN AUCTION: WIN £1,000 CHRISTIE'S VOUCHER



B Japanese jar. A Kakiemon hexagonal porcelain jar and cover, late 17th century, height 33cm. In a sale of Japanese Works of Art on March 9 at 11am and March 10 at 11am. (Viewing March 4, 5, 6, 9am-4.45pm, March 8, 2-5pm.) Christie's estimate: £40,000-£60,000.

C Macaw plaque. A Birmingham white-ground, printed and painted enamel plaque after Robert Hancock, c 1760, 4 x 3½ inches. In a sale of the Mullens Collection on March 18 at 2.30pm. (Viewing March 15, 2-5pm, 16, 9am-4.30pm, 17, 9am-4pm.) Christie's estimate: £2,000-£2,500.

D Riding whip. Gold-mounted riding whip, late 19th century, 32 inches long. In a sale of Silver, Objects of Vertu and Portrait Miniatures on March 17 at 11am and March 18 at 11am. (Viewing March 13, 16, 9am-4pm, 15, 2-5pm.) Christies estimate: £2,000-£3,000.



HOW TO ENTER

The four items illustrated on this page are to come up for sale at Christie's in London in March. Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Christie's which can be redeemed at any Christie's sale

or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on the painting by Van Gogh, which the experts judged the most difficult of the items to estimate, most closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the March competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* office not later than March 31, 1987. Entry is free and readers may make

as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the March, 1987 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the March auction will be announced in the June issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at Bonhams.

All entries must be
received in the *ILN* office
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Send the completed form to:
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They reign in Spain

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

It is nice to think that Spain seems to have made the best of both worlds, ancient and modern. Over the past 25 years Spanish table wines have not only improved but carved a well-earned niche in wine shops of all categories and upon tables of all description. It is equally gratifying to know that some of the major sherry houses that flourished two and a half centuries ago are still very much in business today.

Let me deal with the oldest and best known of the wines of Spain, Jerez — Xeres — Sherry, Falstaff's "sherris sack". Sherry, like those other fortified wines, port and Madeira, was a wine created by the British for what was originally an exclusively British market. The producing firms and the merchant venturers were not Spanish. Perhaps the most distinguished sherry house still family-owned is Pedro Domecq, strangely enough founded by a gentleman from Ireland in 1730.

The Domecqs, an old French family, came into the business through marriage in the early 19th century. The firm, whose best-known brand is the ubiquitous La Ina, is headed by Don José Ignacio Domecq, known affectionately, and appropriately, as "the nose". Visitors—always welcome—to the Domecq *bodegas* will pass the porter's lodge little realizing that behind it, indeed leading off it, is the firm's tasting room and, through another door, the modest office of "the nose". This proboscis is not only aristocratic but a fundamental instrument employed daily in the vital sniffing of the various component wines, young and more mature, that will make up the company's various sherry blends.

A family firm has the advantage of not being so vulnerable to takeovers. The disadvantage must be in keeping so many members of the vast Domecq family shareholders happy. But at least they did not succumb to the fate of several other well-known sherry firms who were absorbed by the now discredited Rumasa Group in an unhappy period of wheeling and dealing and price-cutting, leading inevitably to a lowering of quality



Don José Ignacio Domecq, head of the sherry house.

standards that nearly ruined the entire sherry trade.

Incidentally we, the consumers, can still profit from this episode, for sherry, even good sherry, is still underpriced despite a recent inflationary price rise. For sheer value for money there is no wine on the market to beat a decent sherry. Champagne apart, a fine dry *fino* is still the best aperitif.

From pre-prandials to table wines. Thank goodness that in this field old methods ("traditions" is a word I use only for those that are still successful) have been supplanted by fresh thinking and new technology. Up to 30 years ago Spanish wines were not only cheap but nasty. Broadminded wine merchants might have had just one red Spanish wine; it was usually the cheapest on the list. White wines, with the honourable exception of Alella (still good), were appalling. I remember I used to recognize them immediately because of their drab straw colour and nauseating odour.

Then, out of nowhere it seems, arose the wines of Rioja. By a quirk of fate, I suspect, rather than conscious marketing, these wholesome wines (mainly red), were sold as Rioja, perhaps accompanied by a brand or producer's name. They were not referred to or even thought of as

Spanish wines, though the mandatory Produce of Spain appeared in smallish lettering at the bottom of the label. To be fair to the old reds one or two producers such as the Marques de Riscal and Murrieta had been making good wine, rather of a claret style, for many generations. But the new Riojas, with their oaky taste, and their character which varies from gutsy and fruity to burgundy-like, took a hold. They had the advantage of being new, easy and pleasant to drink and extremely good value, as they still are.

Another name, of a family again, not a district, has also risen into well-merited prominence over the same time span as Rioja: Torres, a family established in the Penedes region near Barcelona for many generations. By keeping a canny eye on the market, trying to pin down and

harness fickle tastes, Miguel Torres experiments with new vine varieties, trying them out in different soils and at different heights—some of the most interesting white wines come from grapes grown high up in the hills. At the same time members of the family have travelled far afield with two aims—to learn about new technology and to open up new markets. They have applied the first and pioneered the latter with significant success. They have also proved that controlled quality and commercially viable quantity can go hand in hand. At home I do not consume much white wine, at any rate with meals, so I am more familiar with the Torres range of reds, a simple and sensible trio: Coronas, Gran Coronas and the Gran Coronas Black Label. Although it is not correct to say that in sunny Spain "vintages" do not vary—any more than the rather silly assumption that vintage years matter not at all in Northern California—it is reasonable to assume that the year is not the be-all and end-all, although like nearly all good red wines a bit of bottle age is recommended to soften the edges.

Finally, when awaiting your table at a restaurant do you dither when deciding what drink to order? We tend to forget sherry; but I do wish barmen would serve it chilled ○



Queen Elizabeth II with her mother by Marcus Adams, 1928

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HOTELS

Country class

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

In the January issue of *ILN*, I wrote about a tiny inn in the heart of the North Downs, The Woodman's Arms Auberge at Hastingleigh, which for me represents a kind of perfection in miniature. This month I recommend with equal enthusiasm a hotel at the opposite end of the tariff spectrum, Ston Easton Park in Somerset, the epitome of an English country-house hotel at its luxurious best.

Ston Easton Park was the property of one family, the Hipisleys, for more than 400 years. They built the existing structure in the 18th century and had the grounds laid out by Humphrey Repton in 1792. Today it reveals itself at the end of the long curving drive as an impeccably maintained Palladian mansion set in spacious parkland, with the original Repton cascades still running below the house: it has a timeless air, as if none of the social changes of the centuries could impair its serene self-confidence.

But appearances are deceptive. Thirty years ago, when the Hipisleys sold the estate, the house was a near-wreck and narrowly escaped demolition. Most of the contents had been auctioned; the house had been vandalized, and the theft of lead from the roof had caused widespread damage to the interior fabric; many of the trees had been felled by a local timber merchant. Its present splendid manifestation is due entirely to the determination of recent owners to restore the house. They have taken the best advice from experts and have expended massive funds to ensure that the job has been done perfectly.

The present owner, Peter Smedley, is the third of these benefactors. The great work of restoration was begun in the early 1960s by Stephen Clark, of the shoe-making family from nearby Street. Then William Rees-Mogg, former editor of *The Times* and more recently chairman of the Arts Council, continued the good work and gave the house new plumbing and wiring, a new roof and central heating. But Sir William used the house only for weekends and family holidays, and never inhabited more than part of the building. It was left to Peter Smedley and his wife Christine to bring back the whole house into full commission and begin to repair the ravaged park.

Peter Smedley is a scion of the canning and frozen foods empire and had extensive business interests before he bought Ston Easton, but he had no previous catering experience nor any idea of starting a hotel when he bought the house in 1978. It was

after five years of residence, and spending what most of us would consider an immodest fortune, that he and his wife decided to change their life-style and become hoteliers.

The rooms, individually designed by Jean Monro, are elegant in different ways. Those on the first floor have the huge windows and fine proportions of the original master bedrooms, but those on the floor above, though smaller, also pass the most exacting tests of civilized comfort. The kitchens are in the hands of a talented young chef, whose style of cooking suits the house—reasonably innovative and enterprising without excessive trendiness.

Ston Easton is a decorous place: jacket and tie *de rigueur* at dinner, no children under 12. Given the grandeur of the house, some formality is unavoidable. But the open friendliness of the staff helps to dispel any tendency towards stuffiness so often found in the grander sort of hotel.

The hotel's tariff is naturally high: the upkeep of such a place must be enormous and there is no stinting on staff or appointments. But at Ston Easton, more than at other country-house hotels, you feel you are being given the taste of an almost vanished style of living which most of us could not otherwise know. You may be only a paying guest, but you are also enjoying the benefit of the investment and dedication of the owners.

The village of Ston Easton lies 11 miles to the south of England's most beautiful city, Bath, and 6 miles north of Wells whose cathedral façade, so long shrouded in scaffolding, is once more resplendently displayed. There are plenty of places to visit in the neighbourhood, and there is good walking, too. If the Smedleys have no room in their inn (the hotel has only 20 rooms and now an international reputation), two other country-house hotels of similar lustre are in the immediate vicinity: Hunstrete House at Chelwood and Homewood Park at Hinton Charterhouse.

Ston Easton Park, Ston Easton, Bath, Avon BA3 4DF (076 121 631). Bed and breakfast: single £60, double and suites £80-£180. These prices include VAT and service.

Hunstrete House, Chelwood, near Bristol, Avon BS18 4NS (076 18 578). Bed and breakfast: single £60-£72, double £85-£125, suite £105-£145. These prices include service but exclude VAT.

Homewood Park, Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, Avon BA3 6BB (022 122 3731). Bed and breakfast: single £40-£85, double £65-£85. Prices include VAT and service. Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.

Playing it safe at the White House

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

There is a good deal to be said for eating in a hotel restaurant like that of the White House. You are likely to be safe from the company of persons connected with the arts, especially from that section of them who like the dishes they eat to be adventurous, boldly innovative, exciting, etc, and who may even write about such matters in a newspaper column. So you are spared having to keep a weather eye open for oysters baked in ginger marmalade and Stilton. On the other hand, when business people predominate among the clientele you may find that most of the culinary effort has gone into making food that looks all right on paper and on the plate and can be passed through the mouth without revulsion or undue effort i.e. safe and dull, which is something.

The White House makes a good first impression with a steel-and-marble entrance hall halfway in style between a big-city art gallery and the head office of a bank: sound British pretentiousness and no fake-Continental flummery anywhere. The ante-room for pre-prandial drinks is spacious, comfortable and easy on the eye. The pictures in particular are pretty bad, but that is as it should be; I don't want an aesthetic experience or anything challenging as I sip my cocktail. The ones served here are excellent, including the best Dry Martini I can remember for a long time. The champagne-by-the-glass comes in a generous portion. They do a very tasty Pussyfoot for the non-boozer. Weight-minders will push the dip-with-fried-bread well out of reach.

The dining-room has a slight shipboard feel or may even suggest a tasteful airport. On my recent visits it was not at all crowded and was blessedly quiet, with plenty of room between the tables. What is to be seen on tables before food or drink arrives is always indicative. Here you have a pepper-mill resembling a little Aztec totem-pole and china containers for pepper and salt with a P and an S rather gruesomely patterned in the holes in the top. Also on view is a dish of butter-pats with a lot of small pieces of ice thrown over them. This is very much for the look of the thing only. Butter needs ice in hot places or out of doors; in an air-conditioned restaurant it merely makes the staff harder to spread. But I can see it adds tone.

The starters are resolutely unexplorative: Parma ham and melon, smoked salmon, asparagus, not to speak of the kind of sardine-salami-rollmop hors d'oeuvres that you or even I could throw together in an instant. So much so I almost felt the lack of anything unfamiliar—nothing far-fetched, thank you, but a couple of novelties would not have been out of place alongside such a familiar selection. The same mild criticism could be levelled at the dishes offered *pour terminer* (am I alone in finding this a slightly sinister description?). But nothing we ate at either end of the meal had anything at all wrong with it. I will go further and say that the crêpes Suzette they gave us fully justified the 18 stop-watched minutes that went into their preparation beside our table, were indeed worthy to be the last ones I shall ever dare to eat in this life. Henceforward I leave it to others to savour what a couple of accompanying glasses of Grand Marnier will do for this deplorable dish.

But between the commencements and the terminations matters took a sad turn for the worse, as they are all too apt to do nowadays in any sort of



restaurant. The style was set by my poussin with devilled sauce. I have forgotten (if I ever knew) which benevolent French king it was who said his dream was of a time when there should be a chicken in every peasant's cooking-pot. Well, in some parts of the world, like our own, that time has come as close as it is ever likely to, and I should hate to be the one who had to tell his majesty that the chicken tastes of nothing in particular. But of course what I ate was tender, easy enough to get down provided boredom didn't send one to sleep. It seems quite as if whatever takes the toughness out takes the flavour with it.

The same could be said of my guest's venison; I realized that, having sampled it only in restaurants, I have a very poor idea of what venison actually tastes or should taste like. My own meat course of chunks of lamb, beef and veal set me theorizing. By using my eyes and thinking about the texture I soon distinguished between the beef and the other two; it took longer to tell lamb from veal. There was a madeira sauce that at any rate provided moisture, and a so-called mush-

room tartlet that made a nice change from the meat. The total result was a bit like a poorly-made steak pie, and perhaps a (better-made) steak pie is what an earlier generation would have looked for. This was the 1980s, up-market, showier and perhaps easier-to-cook version.

I spotted a connexion here with the all-too-familiar basket affair in which the wine-bottle came to the table: useless, unnecessary, fussy, all that, but also it has come to be the expectation of ignorant affluence. In all other respects, I hasten to say, the serving of the wine, like its condition, was impeccable. The list stuck to the obvious and offered a dozen or so reds at £12 or less.

The service at the White House was too friendly and unobtrusive to justify feeling shy about making notes. Nevertheless as always I sighed for one of those tiny cameras with which spies in films used to photograph plans.

The White House Restaurant, The White House Hotel, Albany Street, London NW1 (387 1200). Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, 6.30-11pm, Sat 6.30-11pm. About £45 for two.

LATE-NIGHT NOSH

Gorky Park

41 Mackenall St, NW8 (722 5009).

Former interior decorator Joey Kay provides an effective, simple East European "set" with bold sweeps of curtain, striped banquettes, a dramatic silver chandelier and a gypsy band strumming balalaikas in front of an open fire. Her Russian and Yugoslav partners work on the floor while an English chef prepares Muscovite *borsch*, tasty *blini* and lean salt beef with horseradish dumpling.

You can also choose to follow the vodka, champagne and caviar trail at the horseshoe bar. House bubbles are

£14.95 and a 2oz portion of Beluga caviar costs £18.50—which delineates the rough price range of a full meal with house wine. Quite a riot in sedate St John's Wood.

Mon-Sun noon-4.30pm, 7.30pm-1am.

Zona Rosa

3 Long Acre, WC2 (836 5255).

Sant Chatwal, a restaurateur whose Bombay Palace chain is the world's largest Indian restaurant operation, has turned his attention to Mexican food. The black bean fritters and chicken livers add some variety to the Tex-Mex combination plates of taco, enchilada and burrito and the tortilla chimichanga.

The late hours, a casual café atmosphere and 25 flavours of frozen margarita provide a truer clue to its appeal

than any great culinary achievement. Mon-Sun noon-1am.

Grill St Quentin

136 Brompton Rd, SW3 (581 8377).

Also entered from Cheval Place, this lively brasserie serves up charcoal grilled fare and a selection of Comtesse du Barry quality tinned produce—from *foie gras* to *cassoulet*—which can also be purchased from the shop located in the same premises.

The restaurant remains bustling long into the night with modish groups of young diners ensconced at bench seating betwixt the ceiling starlights and the terracotta-tiled floor and served with aplomb by French waiters. Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 7pm-midnight, Sun noon-3pm, 7-11pm.

ALEX FINER

The competitive spirit

BY JOHN NUNN

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Competition is the essential ingredient of all sports, chess included, but sometimes the competitive spirit manifests itself in unexpected ways. Over the past few years tournament organizers have vied with each other to produce the strongest one ever. The world ranking system for chess-players, called the Elo system after its inventor, provides a quantitative measure of the strength of a tournament; the higher the average Elo rating of the players, the more pleased the organizers.

Until recently the top tournaments were Johannesburg 1981 (average 2629) and Bugojno 1986 (average 2628). However the OHRA tournament held in Brussels last December took the record with an average Elo of 2636. The participation of world champion Kasparov created extra interest. His last tournament was Niksic 1983 and many felt that he would take time to re-adjust to the different demands of tournament play after his long series of matches against Karpov.

In the event Kasparov answered these doubts in positive style, winning by a margin of two points. Final scores of this double-round event were: Kasparov (USSR) 7½ (out of 10), Korchnoi 5½, Nunn (GB) and Hubner (W Germany) 5, Short (GB) 4 and Portisch (Hungary) 3. Kasparov lost just one game, to Nigel Short, but Nigel lost twice to me and finished somewhat below par. Nevertheless the following game is one of just a handful of wins by a British player against a reigning world champion.

N. Short G. Kasparov
White Black

Sicilian Defence

1 P-K4	P-QB4
2 N-KB3	P-Q3
3 P-Q4	PxP
4 NxP	N-KB3
5 N-QB3	P-QR3
6 B-K3	P-K3
7 Q-Q2	P-QN4
8 P-B3	QN-Q2
9 P-KN4	P-R3
10 0-0-0	B-N2
11 B-Q3	N-K4
12 KR-K1	

The latest finesse in this opening, aiming to meet 12 ... P-N5 13 N(3)-K2 P-Q4 by 14 PxP NxQP 15 N-B4 and Black must take steps to avoid a deadly sacrifice at K6.

12	... R-B1
13 K-N1	B-K2
14 P-KR4	P-N5
15 N-R4	Q-R4
16 P-N3	N(3)-Q2
17 P-N5	P-N3
18 P-KB4	NxB
19 PxN	PxP

20 RPxP P-Q4

White has an advantage, since Black's king cannot reach a safe refuge. However it is not easy for White to break through Black's defences and reach the king.

21 P-B5	P-K4
22 KPxB	QxP
23 P-B6	B-Q3
24 N-B2	P-R4
25 B-R7?	

This allows Black to escape from his difficulties. White should have played more aggressively, since if Black is given time to move his king to KN1 his worst problems are over. The best line is 25 P-Q4 P-K5 26 B-B4 R-R4 27 R-R1 to exchange off the defenders standing between White's forces and Black's king.

25	... K-B1
26 N-K3	Q-K3
27 N-B4	K-N1
28 NxB	QxN
29 N-N2	R-B6
30 N-B4	Q-Q4
31 N-K3	Q-K3
32 R-QB1	

Nigel played this move completely overlooking Black's threat to trap the bishop. Fortunately the loss of the bishop turns out to be a brilliant sacrifice, as clear an example of luck in chess as one could wish for.

32	... Q-R3
33 RxR	PxR
34 QxP	QxB
35 Q-B7	Q-Q5

Kasparov decides to return the piece because after 35 ... N-B1 36 N-Q5 Q-B7 37 N-K7ch K-R2 38 R-QB1 White's attack is worth more than the sacrificed piece.

36 QxB	QxPch
37 N-B2	R-R7

The result should now be a draw, but Kasparov had only seconds left to reach the time control at move 40.

38 Q-B8ch N-B1?

A blunder. 38 ... K-R2 leads to a level position, since both kings are equally exposed.

39 RxP

Why not? Perhaps the world champion had overlooked that 39 ... Q-Q8ch 40 K-N2 Q-Q5ch does not win the rook because of 41 Q-B3.

39	... R-R8ch
40 K-N2	Q-Q7
40 ... P-R5	would be met by 41 R-R5! picking up the pawn for nothing since Black must deal with the threat of mate by 42 QxNch.

41 R-K8	Q-Q3
42 R-Q8	Q-K4ch
43 K-R3	K-R2
44 RxN	Q-Q3ch
45 P-N4	Resigns

After 45 ... PxPch 46 K-R4 Black has no more checks ○

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings
 ★★Highly recommended
 ★Well worth seeing

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

Bopha!

The word means "arrest"; the principal figures in Percy Mtwa's play are South African black policemen, an unhappy occupation in the world of apartheid. The three native actors perform these, & other characters, with the most flexible assurance, though their accents can sometimes be difficult to understand. Until Mar 12. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). Mar 16-28, Haymarket Studio, Leicester (0533 539797, cc).

★ ★ Breaking the Code

Alan Turing, a mathematical genius honoured during the last war for his part in breaking the enemy code Enigma, was a homosexual at a time when this was a criminal offence. Hugh Whitmore's play & Derek Jacobi's acting evoke remarkably the personality of a complex, uncompromising figure. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

★ Brighton Beach Memoirs

In Neil Simon's semi-autobiographical play Susan Engel & Dorothy Tutin have taken up, persuasively, the Jewish sisters whose ultimate quarrel helps to sort out the complications in a crowded family: Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh are still the gentle head of the household & his 15-year-old son, who acts as commentator. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

Cats

Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

★ Chess

Tim Rice & composers Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus have put together a spectacular show, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn, with the chess game a metaphor for political in-fighting between Russia & America. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concentrated force. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (734 8951, cc 836 3464).

★ ★ A Chorus of Disapproval

One of Alan Ayckbourn's best plays with its story of an amateur *Beggar's Opera* suffering off-stage & on-stage complications. Performances entirely in key by Colin Blakely as the ebullient Welsh director & Jim Norton as the innocent who, to his surprise, goes too far. Ayckbourn directs. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave,



Richard Easton plays Cecil Sharp, collector of folk dances, in *Country Dancing* coming to London on March 30.

W1 (437 3686, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

★ Coming In To Land

Stephen Poliakoff's play about a Polish woman determined to beat English immigration officials depends upon its narrative quality (sustained until the last few minutes) & the performances, in various moods, of Maggie Smith as the woman &—largely in a single scene—of Tim Pigott-Smith as a subtle antagonist. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

High Society

London première of a stage version of the well-known film musical, now with Trevor Eve & Natasha Richardson. Richard Eyre directs. Opens Feb 25. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

★ The House of Bernarda Alba

Uncompromising melodrama of sexual repression in a Spanish village household in a

production by Spanish actress Nuria Espert. Glenda Jackson, as the family tyrant, & particularly Joan Plowright as her housekeeper, are firmly in the spirit of Lorca's text (translated by Robert David MacDonald), & there is an affecting study of the youngest & fated daughter by Amanda Root. Until Apr 18. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc 379 6433).

★ ★ King Lear

Anthony Hopkins is a powerful Lear in David Hare's production, with Michael Bryant as Gloucester & Anna Massey as Goneril. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED FEB, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE FEB, 1987.

Kiss Me Kate

The Royal Shakespeare Company try out Cole Porter's musical version of *The Taming of the Shrew* before bringing the show to London's Old Vic in May. Paul Jones plays Fred Graham/Petruchio & Nichola McAuliffe is Lilli Vanessi/Kate. Until Mar 7. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

★ Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton has devised from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel a play subtly sustained, with performances of comparable style. Lindsay Duncan & Alan Rickman are the two aristocrats engaged in the art of seduction. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 836 1171).

Lillian

Frances de la Tour with her one-woman show based on the writings of Lillian Hellman. Until

Mar 14. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

★ ★ The Magistrate

Nothing goes awry in Michael Rudman's production of Pinero's 19th-century farce. Nigel Hawthorne is extremely funny as Aeneas Posket—the best for many years—& Gemma Craven is perfect as his wife. Lyttelton. REVIEWED NOV, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

The Merry Wives of Windsor

Bill Alexander's production, with Falstaff (Peter Jeffrey) & friends in the costume of the 1950s. An acquired taste, but director & cast have been entirely professional about it. Until Mar 7. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

★ Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama relies less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (434 0909, cc 379 6433).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, now in its 35th year, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

★ ★ Mr & Mrs Nobody

Judi Dench & Michael Williams are gloriously at ease as Mr & Mrs Pooter of Holloway in Keith Waterhouse's ingenious play, drawn from George & Weedon Grossmith's *The Diary of a Nobody*. Ned Sherrin directs with delighted relish. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (379 6107, cc). REVIEWED JAN, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE JAN, FEB, 1987.

TOP CHOICE

THEATRE

Siegfried Sassoon

Peter Barkworth manages to take us to the heart of Siegfried Sassoon, soldier-poet of the First World War. Though he lived for nearly another half-century, Sassoon remains a man of the war years & this is a remarkable study in depth. Ends Mar 7. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

DONALD COOPER

THEATRE continued

The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest musical, adapted from the famous story by Gaston Leroux, depends largely upon its run of theatrical effects in a production by Harold Prince. Michael Crawford is cast richly as the disfigured phantom of the catacombs. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (839 2244, cc 379 6131).

School for Wives

Molière's comedy about a man's belief that an ignorant & unworldly bride would not deceive him, in a translation by Robert David MacDonald; directed by Di Trevis. Lyttelton. REVIEW ON P 66.

Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber has written this, Trevor Nunn directs, and the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

This Story of Yours

Jack Gold directs a revival of John Hopkins's play about a detective-sergeant (David Suchet) under interrogation after the death of a suspect. Hampstead, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

★Three Men on a Horse

This American farce of the mid-1950s, by George Abbott & John Cecil Holm, remains a redoubtable invention. Erwin, a little man whose job is writing greetings card verses, has also—purely as a hobby—the gift of picking racing winners. When he meets a trio of professional gamblers it looks as though the hobby will become a livelihood. Geoffrey Hutchings is hilariously the innocent; & under Jonathan Lynn's direction the farce moves smoothly. Cottesloe.

★Tons of Money

Alan Ayckbourn's swift direction sustains the spirit of this first of the "Aldwych" farces. Michael Gambon is the outrageous butler, Sprules, Diane Bull the parlourmaid with designs on him. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1986.

A View From The Bridge

Michael Gambon & Elizabeth Bell play husband & wife in Arthur Miller's play. Alan Ayckbourn directs. Cottesloe.

When I was a Girl I Used to Scream & Shout

Sharman MacDonald's picture of a Scottish girl growing up, & her early inquiries into sex, suffers from tangled construction; but Julie Walters acts with spirit. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc 379 6565).

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Billie Whitelaw & Patrick Stewart in Edward Albee's play about a warring couple. Until Mar 14. Young Vic, The Cut, SE1 (928 6363, cc 379 6433).

★★Woman in Mind

In quality of invention & technical expertise Alan Ayckbourn's play transcends any in the West End. It has the advantages of Ayckbourn's direction & the acting of a rare cast, led by Julia McKenzie & Martin Jarvis. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED OCT, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE OCT, 1986.

Yardsale/Whatever Happened to Betty Lemon?

Two plays written & directed by Arnold Wesker. The first is about a New York teacher's response to her husband leaving; the second concerns the response of an old lady to being nominated Handicapped Woman of the Year. Until Apr 4. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

FIRST NIGHTS

Country Dancing

Gerard Murphy & Richard Easton head the cast in the first of the RSC's season of Stratford productions to reach London. Nigel Williams celebrates English traditional culture in his play about folk dance collector Cecil Sharp. Opens Mar 30. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

Decadence

Steven Berkoff has written & directed this satirical play about the upper classes. Opens Mar 4. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

Henry IV Pts 1 & 2, Henry V

Michael Bogdanov directs the English Shakespeare Company, with Michael Pennington as Prince Hal & Henry V, Patrick O'Connell as Henry IV & John Woodvine as Falstaff. The complete trilogy is performed on Saturdays. Mar 17-Apr 25. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

The Nunsense

American musical comedy about a group of nuns trying to raise the money to bury two of their number who have died of botulism & whose bodies are hidden in a deep freeze. Opens Mar 23. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

Pygmalion

Only chance to catch this revival of Shaw's comedy, with Peter O'Toole, Amanda Plummer, Dora Bryan, Judy Campbell & John Mills, before it leaves for Broadway. Mar 4-21. Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford, Surrey (0483 60191, cc).

Six Characters in Search of an Author

Richard Pasco, Barbara Jefford & Leslie Sands in a revival by Michael Rudman of Pirandello's play. Opens Mar 18. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

The Three Sisters

New translation by Michael Frayn of Chekhov's play about provincial Russian hopes & illusions. With Ian Ogilvy & Sara Kestelman. Mar 28-May 2. Greenwich, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc 853 3800).

Yerma

Juliet Stevenson plays the title role of a barren woman in Federico Garcia Lorca's 1934 play, directed by Di Trevis. Opens Mar 26. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

Castaway (15)

Nicolas Roeg's film of Lucy Irvine's best-selling account of how she answered an advertisement to share a tropical island with

TOP CHOICE

CINEMA

The Color of Money (15)

Paul Newman picks up the role of Eddie Felson, *The Hustler* of 1961. Martin Scorsese's film is a worthy sequel. Opens Mar 6. Leicester Sq Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759). REVIEW ON P 66.



River Phoenix comforts Wil Wheaton in *Stand By Me*, opening March 13.

a man for a year always looks good, & Amanda Donohoe is an attractive & interesting newcomer, able to hold her own against Oliver Reed, who succumbs to nasty fevers & sores. However, no justification is offered for their strange behaviour.

★Children of a Lesser God (15)

In a windswept institution on the Maine coast William Hurt is a gifted, prickly, unorthodox teacher of the deaf who falls in love with a mute played by Marlee Matlin. She is genuinely deaf, with a hauntingly beautiful face. She & Hurt spark off each other in a manner that gives distinction to an otherwise conventional adaptation of Mark Medoff's play. Randa Haines directs. Opens Feb 27. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (200 0200, cc 240 7200); Cannons, Tottenham Court Rd, W1, Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990).

★Coming Up Roses (PG)

The fact that this pleasant offbeat comedy about a projectionist & an usherette who turn their closed-down cinema into a clandestine mushroom-growing business is entirely in Welsh seems to put up an unnecessary barrier to its enjoyment. However, Dafydd Hywel & Iola Gregory are a compelling middle-aged pair. Directed by Stephen Bayly. Opens Mar 6. Screen on the Hill, 203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366, cc).

★★Crocodile Dundee (15)

Brilliantly funny performance by Paul Hogan as an all-Australian outbacker in New York. REVIEWED DEC, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE JAN, 1987.

★Duet for One (15)

In Andrei Konchalovsky's first British film Julie Andrews, effectively embracing a dramatic role, plays a celebrated concert violinist stricken by multiple sclerosis. Alan Bates is her conductor/composer husband. Opens Mar 6. Cannons, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 8861, cc), Fulham Rd.

84 Charing Cross Road (U)

Anne Bancroft plays American writer Helen Hanff & Anthony Hopkins the London bookshop proprietor with whom she conducted a long correspondence. Opens Mar 24. Curzon Mayfair, Curzon St, W1 (499 3737, cc). Royal Film Performance in the presence of the Queen Mother in aid of the Cinema & Television Benevolent Fund. Mar 23. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P 9.

★The Fantastist (18)

Cultists know Robin Hardy for the 1973 film *The Wicker Man*, a sinister Celtic occult fantasy. He has now written & directed an Irish thriller in which a country girl, soon after her arrival in Dublin, becomes involved with a multiple killer. Moira Harris is a refreshing new face, Timothy Bottoms plays her neighbour & Christopher Cazenove the inspector on the case. Suspense is well-maintained. Opens Feb 27. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534).

★★The Fly (18)

This highly-accomplished remake of Charles E. Pogue's 1958 fantasy about a scientist whose experiment mixes up his own molecules with those of a housefly establishes its director, David Cronenberg, in the mainstream of cinema. REVIEWED FEB, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE FEB, 1987.

The Fourth Protocol (not yet certificated). Michael Caine & Piers Brosnan head the cast in a screen version of Frederick Forsyth's thriller about a threatened nuclear explosion. Opens Mar 20. Odeon, Leicester Sq.

Gothic (18)

Ken Russell's film, set in Switzerland (but palpably the Lake District), has friends Shelley, Mary Godwin & others descending on Byron's mansion for a night of fun that turns to nightmare. It is like an old Hammer horror, filmed with considerable style which disguises the thinness of everything else, including the hysterical acting of Gabriel Byrne, Julian Sands & Timothy Spall. Opens Feb 27. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc).

The Green Ray (PG)

Eric Rohmer's film won the Golden Lion Award at Venice last year. Marie Rivière plays Delphine, whose life leads her to the threshold of happiness. Opens Mar 13. Chelsea Cinema, King's Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc).

Heartburn (15)

Nora Ephron's own story of a husband, a Washington columnist, played by Jack Nicholson, cheating on his wife (Meryl Streep). There are nice social observations, but the film has an irritating superficiality.

Little Shop of Horrors (15)

Unappealing musical with Rick Moranis as a flower shop employee who raises an unusual plant which requires human flesh to maintain

its phenomenal growth rate. Opens Mar 27. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534).

The Mosquito Coast (PG)

Harrison Ford plays Allie Fox, a driven man who drops out from the decadent old USA & carts his wife (Helen Mirren) & family off to live in a hostile jungle. Fox, the creation of Paul Theroux, is probably better in the novel. In Peter Weir's film he becomes a tiresome, egocentric, dangerous bore with whom it is hard to sympathize.

★★Peggy Sue Got Married (15)

Francis Coppola has made a commendable film, with Kathleen Turner excellent in the title role, revisiting her high-school days. REVIEWED JAN, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE JAN, FEB, 1987.

★Salvador (18)

Oliver Stone's powerful film is based on the experiences of his co-writer, Richard Boyle, in El Salvador in 1980. As played by James Woods, he is an irresponsible social dropout, regarded even by fellow hacks as beyond the pale. Accompanied by James Belushi, playing an unemployed & apolitical disc jockey, he journeys to the war zone on the hunt for scoops, encountering vile corruption & inhumanity on both sides.

★★She's Gotta Have It (18)

The life spark zips through this low-budget comedy with an all-black cast, filmed rapidly in Brooklyn by Spike Lee. He also plays one of the three lovers of the beautiful Nola (Tracy Camila Johns) who is unable to decide on the men in her life. The structure is loose, with characters often talking directly to the camera, but it works. Opens Mar 6. Gate, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (727 4043); Screen on the Green, 83 Upper St, N1 (226 3520).

★★Stand By Me (15)

Rob Reiner's film is about four boys growing up, with Richard Dreyfuss as narrator. Opens Mar 13. Cannon, Haymarket, W1 (839 1527). REVIEW ON P66.

★Walls of Glass (15)

Philip Bosco is excellent as an aging New York cab driver with yearnings to be a Shakespearean actor. Separated from his wife, he is concerned with the upbringing of his sons & her compulsive gambling. Fine performances from Linda Thorson as his girlfriend & Geraldine Page as his mother. Scott Goldstein's film has a pleasing originality.

When the Wind Blows (PG)

John Mills & Peggy Ashcroft provide the voices of Jim & Hilda Bloggs in this animated version of Raymond Briggs's treatise against nuclear war.

Working Girls (not yet certified)

Molly, a graduate & a struggling photographer, works in a brothel where she is much in demand by the procession of clients during a day's work. Lizzie Borden's film, although fiction, observes the lives of Molly, played by Louise Smith, & her fellow prostitutes with such documentary realism that it is sometimes hard to appreciate that here are actors at work. Perhaps the most insightful view of the oldest profession yet seen on screen. Opens Mar 20. Camden Plaza, 211 Camden High St, NW1 (485 2443).

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

BARBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

London Symphony Orchestra. Günther Herbig conducts Mozart's Concerto for Two Pianos, K365, with Katia & Marielle Labeque as soloists, & Bruckner's Symphony No 8. Mar 1, 7.30pm.

Benjamin Luxon, baritone, **David Willison**, piano. English songs, from folk to Britten. Mar 4, 1pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Georges Prêtre conducts music by Ravel, Debussy, Mussorgsky. Mar 5, 7.45pm.

Paul Tortelier, cello, **Geoffrey Pratley**, piano. The distinguished cellist plays Boccherini, Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, Tortelier, Granados, Sarasate. Mar 16, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Colin Davis conducts two concerts with Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli as soloist in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 5. Mar 19, 7.45pm; 22, 7.30pm.

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano. The distinguished Italian pianist plays Chopin, Debussy & Ravel. Mar 28, 7.45pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P10.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Klaus Tennstedt conducts two concerts. Mahler's Symphony No 2 (Resurrection). Mar 1, 7.30pm. An all-Sibelius programme. Mar 5, 7.30pm.

Bach Choir, Philharmonia Orchestra. Dvořák's Stabat Mater under David Willcocks. Mar 2, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Yevgeny Svetlanov conducts two programmes. Elgar's Violin Concerto, with Itzhak Perlman as soloist, & Shostakovich's Symphony No 10. Mar 3, 7.30pm. Brahms's Symphony No 3 & Shostakovich's Piano Concerto No 2, with Peter Donohoe as soloist. Mar 8, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. John Pritchard conducts two concerts. Brahms's Piano Concerto No 2, with Peter Serkin as soloist, & Henze's Symphony No 4. Mar 4, 7.30pm. Sibelius's Symphony No 4 & the UK premiere of Szymanowski's ballet *Harnasie*. Mar 18, 7.30pm.

Gillian Weir, organ. Reger, Bach, Ives, Vierne. Mar 11, 5.55pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Two Russian programmes conducted by Yuri Temirkanov. Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No 3, with Cécile Ousset as soloist, & Shostakovich's Symphony No 5. Mar 12, 7.30pm. Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, & Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 2, with Peter Donohoe as soloist. Mar 15, 7.30pm.

Dresden Staatskapelle GDR, London Symphony Chorus. Colin Davis ➤➤➤

TOP CHOICE

MUSIC

Georg Solti conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in a Beethoven programme in celebration of the Barbican Centre's fifth birthday. Murray Perahia is the soloist in the Piano Concerto No 1, which is followed by the Symphony No 7. Barbican Hall, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc). Mar 3, 8pm.

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The Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables

PATRONS: HM THE QUEEN AND HM THE QUEEN MOTHER.



MUSIC continued

conducts Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Mar 13, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts Lalo's Cello Concerto, with the young cellist Matt Haimovitz, & Elgar's Symphony No 2. Mar 17, 7.30pm.

Royal Choral Society, BBC Concert Orchestra. Laszlo Heltay conducts Fauré's Requiem & Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*. Mar 19, 7.30pm.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Neville Marriner conducts Schumann's Cello Concerto & Fauré's *Elégie* for cello & orchestra, with Heinrich Schiff as soloist, & Beethoven's Symphony No 8. Mar 24, 7.30pm.

David Sanger, organ. Bach, Vienne. Mar 25, 5.55pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Chorus. Richard Hickox conducts Berlioz's *Grande messe des morts*, with Philip Langridge, tenor. Mar 29, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Nigel Kennedy plays Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, under Okko Kamu, who also conducts Nielsen's Symphony No 6. Mar 31, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Peter Donohoe, piano. Debussy, Stravinsky, Rachmaninov. Mar 2, 7.45pm.

Harald Vogel, organ. Buxtehude & the young Bach. Mar 4, 5.55pm.

Britten/Shostakovich Festival. Four concerts, under the musical direction of Richard Hickox, embracing a wide selection of the work of both composers. City of London Sinfonia, Mar 5, 11, Apr 2, 7.45pm; Endellion String Quartet, Mar 19, 7.45pm.

Berlin Philharmonic Octet play Mozart & Schubert. Mar 10, 7.45pm.

Dmitri Alexeev, piano. Chopin, Scriabin, Liszt. Mar 15, 3pm.

London Mozart Players. Jane Glover conducts works by Haydn, Krommer, Mozart. Mar 18, 7.45pm.

Vivaldi Concertante. Joseph Pilbery conducts two concerts. Vivaldi & Bach. Mar 22, 7.15pm. Bach's six Brandenburg Concertos. Mar 31, 7.45pm.

Lunch at the Red Hedgehog. Allegri String Quartet play the first two recitals of a series featuring the chamber music of Brahms, which takes its title from the restaurant in Vienna where the composer lunched regularly. Mar 24, 31, 1.10pm.

London Bach Orchestra. Nicholas Kraemer conducts a further concert in the series devoted to Bach & the Cities of Europe: Paris. Works by Bach, Lully, Leclair & Rameau. Mar 27, 7.45pm.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, **Hartmut Höll,** piano. Schubert Lieder. Mar 16, 8pm.

Montserrat Caballé, soprano, **Miguel Zanetti,** piano. Mar 29, 8pm.

ST JOHN'S
Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061, cc).

Hanover Band. Roy Goodman directs works by Beethoven & Mozart, with Monica Huggett as soloist in Mozart's Violin Concerto No 4. Mar 8, 7.30pm.

Opera Italiana perform music by Vivaldi, Mozart, songs by Rossini &, in costume, an operatic intermezzo by Salieri, conducted by Alexander Bryett. Mar 9, 8pm.

TOP CHOICE

OPERA

The Trojans

A rare chance to see Berlioz's epic in its entirety, produced for Welsh National Opera by Tim Albery, with Anne Evans, Della Jones & Jeffrey Lawton, & conducted by Charles Mackerras. Performances in Cardiff on Mar 7, 14 & every Sat until Apr 18 on the tour to Liverpool, Birmingham, Oxford, Southampton & Bristol. Details from WNO, John St, Cardiff (0222 464666).

Choir of King's College, Cambridge. Stephen Cleobury directs Bach's St John Passion, with baroque orchestra. Mar 12, 7.30pm.

English Concert. Trevor Pinnock directs works by Handel, Arne, Vivaldi, J.C. Bach, Boyce, from the harpsichord keyboard. Mar 13, 7.30pm.

Schola Cantorum of Oxford & the Parley of Instruments. Stephen Clarke conducts Italian Renaissance & Baroque music, with Emma Kirkby, soprano. Mar 18, 7.30pm.

London Oriana Choir, English Baroque Orchestra. Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* conducted by Leon Lovett. Mar 29, 7pm.

WIGNORE HALL
36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Peter Serkin, piano. Bach, Wolpe, Takemitsu, Messiaen, Beethoven. Mar 2, 7.30pm.

Julian Bream, guitar. In celebration of the centenary of the birth of Villa-Lobos, the great guitarist plays the composer's complete works for solo guitar. Mar 5, 7.30pm.

Hilliard Ensemble. Late medieval music inspired by the *Roman de Fauvel*, a 14th-century satire, interspersed with excerpts from the poem. Mar 10, 7.30pm.

London Fortepiano Trio. Second of three concerts devoted to Beethoven's Trios. Mar 12, 7.30pm.

Karita Mattila, soprano, **Geoffrey Parsons,** piano. Mozart, Weber, Leevi, Madetoja, Sibelius, R. Strauss. Mar 17, 7.30pm.

Robert Lloyd, bass, **John Constable,** piano. Schubert's *Die Winterreise*. Mar 26, 7.30pm.

OPERA

CAMDEN FESTIVAL

Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St, WC1 (387 9629, cc).

Silverlake. First British performance of this work by Kurt Weill, text by Georg Kaiser, which was banned by the Nazis in 1933. Staged by Abbey Opera, under Antony Shelley. Mar 30-Apr 4.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

★**Faust.** Arthur Davies sings the title role with Helen Field as Marguerite in Ian Judge's revitalizing production, conducted by Jacques Delacôte. Feb 24, 27, Mar 3, 6.

Akhmaten. Revival of David Freeman's hypnotically fascinating slow-motion production of Philip Glass's Egyptian opera. Christopher Robson returns to sing Akhmaten, with Sally Burgess as Nefertiti & Marie Angel as Queen Tye. Feb 26, Mar 4, 7, 9, 12, 20 25.

★**The Mikado.** Jonathan Miller's hit production with Eric Idle amusingly outrageous

as Ko-Ko, Feb 28 m & e, Mar 5, 11, 14, 17, 19, 26, 28 m & e.

Tosca. Phyllis Cannan takes over the title role, with Eduardo Alvares as Cavaradossi & Rodney Macann as Scarpia. Mar 10, 13, 18, 21, 27, 31. REVIEW ON P67.

KENT OPERA

The Orchard, Dartford (0322 343333). Mar 12-14.

King's Theatre, Southsea (0705 828282/811411, cc). Mar 19-21.

Carmen, with Anne-Marie Mühle & Howard Haskin, conducted by Ivan Fischer.

Pygmalion & Dido & Aeneas. Baroque double bill by Rameau & Purcell.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Ruddigore. New production by Ian Judge, marking the work's 100th anniversary, with Marilyn Hill Smith/Helen Kucharek, Linda Ormiston, Gordon Sandison, David Hillman, Harold Innocent. Mar 3, 5, 7 m & e, 9, 12.

Count of Luxembourg. John Brecknock sings the title role in Nigel Douglas's production, with Eiddwen Harrhy, Helen Kucharek, Joan Davies, Martin McEvoy, Julian Moyle. Mar 2, 4, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14 m & e. Empire Theatre, Sunderland (0783 42517, cc). Mar 16-21.

Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton (0902 714775/29212, cc). Mar 23-28.

Theatre Royal, Norwich (0603 6281205, cc). Mar 30-Apr 4.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Die Zauberflöte. With Angela Maria Blasi as Pamina, Robin Leggate as Tamino, Mikael Melbye as Papageno, Penelope Walmsley-Clark as the Queen of the Night. Mar 2, 4.

Norma. Margaret Price sings the title role in John Copley's new production, with Alicia Nafé as Adalgisa & Giuseppe Giacomini as Pollione. Mar 5, 10.

Ariadne auf Naxos. Colin Davis conducts this opera for the first time in London, in a revival of Jean-Louis Martinoty's busy production. Anna Tomowa-Sintow & Gundula Janowitz share the role of Ariadne, with Ann Murray as the Composer, Edita Gruberová as Zerbinetta, & William Johns as Bacchus. Mar 7, 11, 14, 17, 20, 23, 26.

BALLET

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Israeli company with four ballets, all new to Britain. Mar 31-Apr 5.

CAMDEN FESTIVAL

Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 1394, cc 387 6293).

Ballet Martiniquais de Love Nelson. Martiniquan folklore combined with traditional movements of dance & elements of modern jazz. Mar 24, 25.

Peguiche. Ecuadorian musicians & dancers performing indigenous Andean music & dance. Mar 31, Apr 1.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

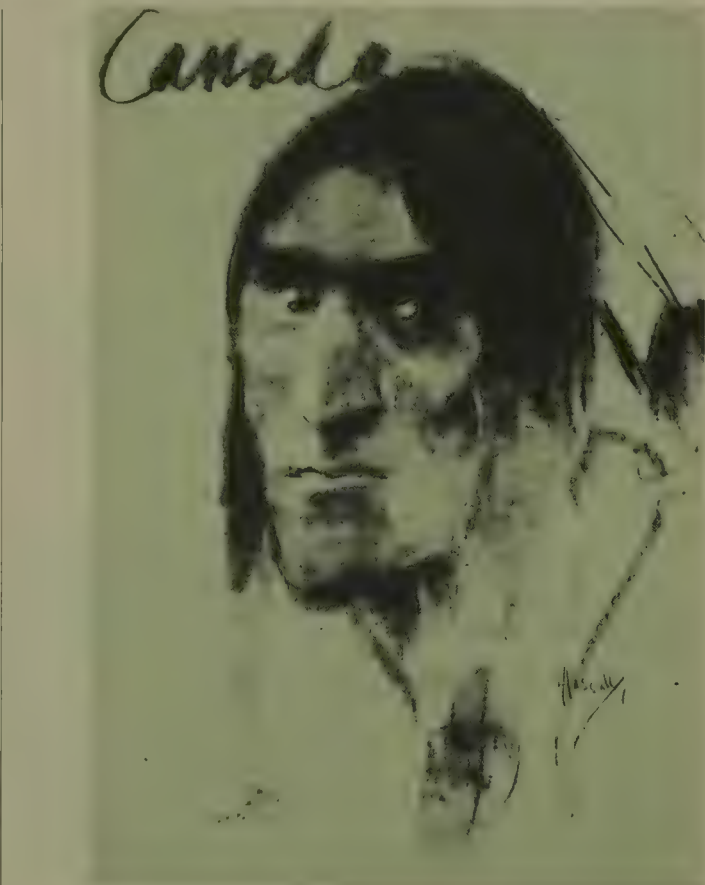
La Fille mal gardée, choreography Ashton, music Hérold, designs Osbert Lancaster. A perfect fusion of the arts of choreography, music & stage design produces a joyful evening of pastoral delights. Mar 3.

Swan Lake. New production by Anthony Dowell with designs by Yolanda Sonnabend. Mar 12 (royal gala), 13, 18, 19, 21 m & e, 24, 25, 27, 28 m & e, 30. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P.8.

SPRING LOADED

The Place, Duke's Road, WC1 (387 0031, cc).

New work in contemporary dance performed by 19 different companies in a variety of styles. Until Mar 28. For details call Dean Wybrow, 387 0161/0031.



Red Indian by John Hassall (1868-1948) at King Street Galleries.

GALLERIES

BARBICAN CENTRE

EC2 (638 4141).

Russian Style 1700-1920: Court & Country Dress From the Hermitage. A display of 300 items from the Hermitage costume collection. There are exquisite aristocratic gowns, clothes worn by Peter the Great, army officers' uniforms, mercantile & peasant clothing. Until Apr 26; Art Gallery. Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

COLNAGHI

14 Old Bond St, W1 (491 7408).

Alma. Furniture by some of Britain's leading architects, interior & clothes designers. Alma is a new modern furniture company which plans a series of international shows. Mar 25-Apr 11. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P10.

GALLERY 10

10 Grosvenor St, W1 (491 8103).

Roger de Grey & Flavia Irwin. Mar 11-31. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P11.

GARTON & COOKE

39-42 New Bond St, W1 (493 2820).

Charles Meryon (1821-68). Enthusiastically praised by both Baudelaire & Victor Hugo, but prevented by his own abrasive character from achieving worldly success, Meryon now ranks as one of the greatest 19th-century printmakers. Mar 3-27. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

Tony Cragg. With Deacon at the new Lisson Gallery & Cragg at the Hayward it is a good month for British sculpture. Cragg is best known for sculptures made from stacks of urban detritus. Mar 5-June 7.

Le Corbusier: Architect of the Century. This exhibition covers the full range of Le Corbusier's work. Mar 5-June 7.

£3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 0493).

Nancy Spero: Retrospective. One of the most ferociously uncompromising of American feminist artists gets her first major showing in Britain. Mar 11-Apr 19. Daily, noon-8pm. 60p.

KING STREET GALLERIES

17 King St, St James's, SW1 (930 3993).

Brush, Pen & Pencil. An exhibition of paintings & drawings by members of the London Sketch Club 1898-1930. Mar 26-Apr 12. Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm, Sat 9.30am-1pm.

LISSON GALLERY

67 Lisson St, NW1 (262 1539).

Richard Deacon. This is a major event for the British art world in two respects. First, the much respected Lisson Gallery is opening a new & larger space at 67 Lisson Street, while retaining its old premises in Bell Street, round the corner. Second, the first show in its new premises is devoted to Richard Deacon, now perhaps the most talked about young sculptor in Britain. Mar 26-Apr 25. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

LONDON ECOLOGY CENTRE

45 Shelton St, WC2 (379 4324).

Artists' Parish Maps. An exhibition of new maps by 18 artists commissioned by the conservation charity Common Ground. Mar 17-Apr 24. Mon-Sat 11am-6pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P12.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Bodylines: The role played by the human figure in art—how the artist learned to see it (through study of the antique, pattern books & drawing from life) & use it as a means of expression. Mar 18-May 17. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace, SW1 (930 3007).

Crown & Camera: Photographs From the Royal Archive 1842-1910. Mar 13-end 1987. Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.10, concessions 50p.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

From Byzantium to El Greco: Frescoes & Icons From Greece. First major exhibition of Byzantine & post-Byzantine art to be held in London. The works, dating from the 11th to 17th centuries, are on loan from museums, monasteries & private collections in Greece & Cyprus. Mar 27-June 21. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70, children £1.25. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P9.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

British & American Pop Art. Work by Peter Blake, Patrick Caulfield, Richard Hamilton, Andy Warhol & others. Until June.

Naum Gabo (1890-1977). More than 100 works from the constructivist sculptor's estate. Until Apr 19.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. £2.50, concessions £1.

MUSEUMS

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

New Thracian Treasures From Rogozen, Bulgaria. This is the largest hoard of individual silver items from antiquity ever found. Until Mar 29. FEATURED DEC, 1986. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

The Best Years of Their Lives: National Service 1945-63. The first exhibition devoted to this theme. Until May 3. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Suggested contribution £1, children 50p.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

The Piazza, Covent Garden, WC2 (379 6344).

London's Country. A history of London Transport's posters. Artists represented include Graham Sutherland, E. McKnight Kauffer & Len Deighton. Until May 4. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.20, concessions £1.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224).

Madagascar: Island of Ancestors. Extensive collections of domestic and ritualistic goods from Madagascar. The Malagasy have varied cultural origins & the exhibition explains the central role of ancestor-worship. Until end 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30pm-6pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

English Artists' Paper: Renaissance to Regency. From the age when paper was appreciated this exhibition looks at the variety available to artists & how they made good use of its irregularities. Mar 18-July 5. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30pm-5.50pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

TOP CHOICE

GALLERIES

British Art in the 20th Century: The Modern Movement & After. A major survey, controversial, for its omissions, but a must. Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Until Apr 5. Daily 10am-6pm. £3.75, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2.50, children £1.75. FEATURED JAN, 1987.

LECTURES

DILETTANTI

44 Paddenswick Rd, W6 (749 7096).

An A-Z of the Prints & Drawings Collection, British Museum. A guided visit led by Sarah Bowles & Philippa Barton., Mar 18, 10.45am. £7.50.

British Art in the 20th Century. Modernisms & Nationalisms: British Art 1900-40 by Richard Humphreys, Mar 11, 11.15am; **Loss of Direction: British Painting Since the War** by Tony Godfrey, Mar 11, 2.15pm. Following day visit to the British Art exhibition at the Royal Academy, starting at 10.45am, with conducted tour by Richard Cork, art critic & historian. Cost of the two days £35.

Oxfordshire Churches. Lectures Mar 26, followed by visit Mar 28, £25.

Contact Sarah Bowles & Philippa Barton for more details & booking information.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

1837—An Historic Year. *London in 1837* by Geoffrey Toms, Mar 6; *The Railways Come to London: Inner-City & Inter-City* by Denis Smith, Mar 13; *Readings From The Pickwick Papers* by students of the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, Mar 20; *The Young Queen Victoria* by Elizabeth Longford, Mar 27. All at 1.10pm.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

8 John Adam St, WC2 (930 5115).

March lectures: *Unemployment & enterprise* by Bryan Nicholson, chairman of the Manpower Services Commission, Mar 4; *The environment & sustainable development* by Sir Shridath Ramphal, member of the World Commission on Environmental Development, Mar 10; *The human element in running a business* by Sir Austin Pearce, chairman of British Aerospace, Mar 16; *Why is there a Department of Trade & Industry?* by Paul Channon, Secretary of State for Trade & Industry, Mar 18; *The social responsibilities of business* by A. B. Cleaver, chief executive of IBM UK, Mar 23; *The outlook for higher education—reform or reaction?* by C. J. E. Ball, warden of Keble College, Oxford, Mar 25; *The business of Government & the government of business* by James Prior MP, Mar 30. All at 6pm. Tickets free from Carole Singleton.

SALEROOMS

Prices quoted are saleroom estimates.

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Decorative Arts. A large Lalique section includes a Danaïd vase of naked females (£1,000-£1,500). A Daum acid-etched heavy glass vase from the 1930s should fetch £800-

£1,200. Doulton items include a Dickens-ware jug depicting Dickens characters (£400-£600). Mar 6, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

Mullens Collection of 133 enamels—caskets, canisters, wine funnels, snuffboxes & domestic utensils. There are examples from the Battersea factory, 1753-56, & among fine Birmingham items is a snuff box printed in puce with portraits of George III & Queen Charlotte, 1761 (£2,000-£4,000). The collection, formed over the last 30 years by the late Sir William & Lady Mullens, is expected to total around £150,000. Mar 18, 2.30pm.

Modern British Pictures. A view of Venice by Walter Richard Sickert, 1901-2, should make £25,000-£35,000. A circus scene by Edward Burra is estimated at £12,000-£18,000 & *View from a Hampstead Window* by Spencer Frederick Gore at £10,000-£15,000. Other works by Oliver Bevan & Alan Halliday. Mar 6, 11am.

British Traditionalist Pictures. Two works by William Orpen whose *Blue Hat* fetched £126,500 in a November sale. On offer here is a portrait of a friend's daughter *Gardenia* & one of Mrs Leweshohn. Both estimated at £15,000-£20,000. Mar 5, 2.30pm.

Van Gogh Masterpiece. The artist's best known image, *Sunflowers*, is expected to exceed the record £7.7 million paid for an Impressionist picture—Manet's *La Rue Mosnier aux Pavés*—sold recently by Christie's. Van Gogh completed seven versions; this one is the largest. Mar 30, 6.30pm.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).

Scientific Instruments. Collection of electrical apparatus from the Wheatstone laboratory at King's College, London. Mar 5, 10.30am & 2pm.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

18th- & 19th-Century British Drawings & Watercolours. An unrecorded drawing of a lady by Gainsborough, dating from the mid 1760s, should fetch £30,000-£40,000. A group of about 50 pencil drawings of notable Catholic gentry, 1760s-1780s, are estimated from £600 to £5,000. Mar 12, 11am.

Scandinavian Painting from 1880-1930. A sale for those inspired by the Hayward Gallery's *Dreams of a Summer Night* exhibition last year & with the resources to realize their dreams. Sotheby's first sale devoted entirely to Scandinavian painting includes Carl Larsson's *Midwinter Blot*, measuring 6½ by 13½ metres. (£700,000-£1 million). Mar 24, 10.30am.

SPORT

ATHLETICS

First World Indoor Championships, Indianapolis, USA. Mar 6-8.

Kodak Classic: England v USA, Cosford, nr Wolverhampton. Mar 13.

Dairy Crest Invitation, Cosford. Mar 15.

BADMINTON

Yonex All-England Championships, Wembley Arena. Mar 11-15.

FENCING

Challenge Martini International Epée, St Paul's School, Lonsdale Rd, SW13 & Seymour Hall, W1. Mar 7, 8. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P. 12.

HOCKEY

Tipp-Ex Trophy: England v USA (women), Wembley Stadium. Mar 21. ➡➡

GENERAL

Give someone a memory to last a lifetime. Give them an original issue of The Times newspaper dated the very day they were born. £15 (including free 19th c. newspaper with each single order). Also available: Nottingham Guardian (1919-1959), Yorkshire Herald (1829-1935), Glasgow Herald (1861-1933), the Scotsman (1913-1932), Sporting Chronicle (1881-1976), Punch (1860s-1970s), Met Office weather reports, (1909-1939, 1950-1959).

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Tote Cheltenham Gold Cup, Daily Express Triumph Hurdle, Cheltenham, Mar 19. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P. 10.

William Hill Lincoln Handicap, Doncaster, Mar 28.

ROWING

Oxford v Cambridge University Boat Race, Putney to Mortlake, Mar 28, 12.30pm.

Head of the River Race, Mortlake to Putney, Mar 28, 3.45pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P. 8.

RUGBY UNION

Wales v England, Cardiff; **France v Scotland**, Paris, Mar 7.

Scotland v Wales, Murrayfield; **Ireland v France**, Dublin, Mar 21.

SNOOKER

Dulux British Open final, Assembly Rooms, Derby, Feb 20-Mar 1.

World Team Cup, International Centre, Bournemouth, Mar 18-21.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

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Goodwood Races, July 28-Aug 1. Grandstand & paddock £9, public enclosure £3, car park labels £2. Make cheques payable to "Goodwood Racecourse Ltd", & send to the Racecourse Office, Goodwood, Chichester, W Sussex PO18 0PX (0243 774107).

Royal International Horse Show, National Exhibition Centre, June 18-21. Details from the Box Office, NEC, Birmingham B40 1NT (021-780 4133, cc).

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). Telephone booking from Mar 2 for *The King Goes Forth to France* (starts Apr 1) & *Otello* (starts Apr 15), & Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet's *Triple Bill* (*Solitaire*, *Checkmate* & *Paquita*)/*The Sleeping Beauty* (Apr 15-May 1).

Tennis: Nabisco Masters' Doubles Championships, Albert Hall, SW7. Dec 9-13. Details from World Championship Tennis, 26 Warwick Rd, SW5 9UF (373 3216 cc). **Pilkington Glass Ladies' Championships**, Eastbourne, June 13-20. Details from Tennis Office, Devonshire Park, College Rd, Eastbourne, E Sussex (0323 21333 ext 1131/1157, cc).



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